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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

PRIZES

EVER since Paris made his notorious decision there have been awards for beauty of one sort or another. Sinclair Lewis, in refusing the Pulitzer Prize which the committee of selection had bestowed upon "Arrowsmith", was objecting chiefly to the fact that the terms of the award do not take keenly into account æsthetic standards but shade toward the Puritan. This condition has been pointed out before. Herbert S. Gorman, in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, said:

> There is a widely spread misconception concerning the purpose of the Pulitzer Prize Awards. . . . This misconception is implicit in the natural belief of most hasty readers that the awards are given to the best book in its particular category and that by "best", literary excellence and high craftsmanship is meant. Well, that is not so at all. The founder of these awards was less interested in literature than he was in American ideals, and because of this there is a catch phrase in the conditions of each award. . . . The fictional award, for instance, is "for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood". . . .
>
> It is as futile on the one hand to cavil against the Pulitzer Awards as it is to accept them on the other hand as authorized selections of the best literature of the year.

That a prize for art should be bestowed upon moral grounds is ridiculous. Mr. Lewis is to be commended upon his stand in that respect; yet his annoyance with prizes in general is simply part of the general annoyance with mankind which has always been a part of his equipment as man and artist. That man is a competitive animal, and that masses of men like to worship the heroes of competition, may be bad for the world; but it is human. In America, particularly, the public will read a prize novel more quickly than a novel which has not received some accolade. This tendency is absurd, as absurd as many of the characters on Mr. Lewis's "Main Street". Yet most of our prize novels have been rather better than the ordinary novels read by vast hordes. So that while such awards may be fallible, they do succeed in bringing good books to a wide public. As such we must commend them.

Messrs. Mencken and Lewis have

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recently challenged the Boston syndics, the Pulitzer Prize committee, yes — the Deity Himself. We do not question their sincerity. We admire their honesty. They command that the world be purged of sweetness and light. Prophets of disbelief, they would have an unblinded public follow their cynic's banners. Why not? With trumpet and drum they will lead people to think, to agree or to disagree. Mr. Lewis cannot obscure the fact that he is a great novelist by defying God, nor can Mr. Mencken become less brilliant an editor when he defies the Blue Laws and sanitation by biting a coin on Boston Common.

THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

THE popular fallacy of the layman that unknown authors have difficulty in finding publication is absurd. A gentleman from Jersey has recently been delivering himself on this subject in the local press. He asserts that thousands of poor authors must go unheard as a result of the ways of publishers. Well, thousands of applications for loans at banks are rejected, as a result of the ways of bankers. If you cannot find a publisher for your book you would do well to face the fact that it is probably, for one reason or another, a bad book. Rejection by one publisher should not be discouraging, since a good piece of work often does not meet specific demands of a certain firm; but rejection by a varied group of magazines or publishers invariably spells danger.

The Jersey gentleman further queries, in reply to the statement of one publisher that at least five first novels are to appear on his list this season: "How many of these 'five books by unknown authors' will be brought out with the publisher's money?" The answer, to anyone who knows the publishing business, is obvious. The writer has no part in the financing of any of them. So called "author's publishing" is largely a thing of the past. No reputable publisher will accept for his list, for any reason, a book which he does not feel has a place there as, in some way, a legitimate piece of writing. Except in very special fields of publishing, it is safe to advise a beginning author that if no publisher is willing to take a risk on a book, the book isn't worth anyone's risk, or many people's time spent in reading it.

To be sure, publishers often accept and issue at their own risk books for which they see no definite market, simply because they believe the books to be worthwhile. Such a course often proves good business, for several reasons. It gives quality to the publisher's list. It presents an author who may later produce profitable wares. The art of publishing consists in finding writers who will appeal to the world of readers, and then in finding readers for those writers.

It is true that if editors could take the time to act as *teachers*, they could salvage some promising authors from the rejection heap. Such salvage is, in fact, not entirely unknown in editorial circles. But after all the editor's job is to select and edit; the writer's job is to learn to write, whether he teaches himself or finds a willing or paid literary adviser. If the writer performs his share of the work, he will find the publisher eager and ready to cooperate with him.

A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL

IT is quite possible to analyze any group of human beings by finding out their definition of a "good time".

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What do we do with our spare afternoons and evenings? To generalize concerning good times in America would be futile, but one fact stands out: that we have contrived to do everything possible to ruin sheer joy in conversation. One group finds card games the best form of evening entertainment. Another cannot end a night without dancing, and the intricacies of new steps do not mix easily with the bon mot. To reach a level of daring in mixed company by much drinking and then to find the common denominator of obscenity, is the aim of still another. Some folk indulge quietly in family games. Some, at the entrance of guests, rush to turn on the radio. And there are those who find that any group larger than five demands the making of a speech or the preparation of a "stunt".

Life would indeed be a forbidding prospect if long evenings of conversation unrelieved stretched ahead. Yet it should be possible to find among any circle of friends a few who are willing to exchange ideas with some regard for the fact that the progress of life depends in large measure on such exchange. The American habit of gathering at dinners for speechmaking, of corralling guests from outside a particular circle to discuss various subjects, is largely due to weakness on our part. Lacking the ability to talk frankly, sanely, or wittily among ourselves, we organize for conversation, so to speak. We listen with rapt attention while some visiting celebrity insults us because we haven't the wit to insult ourselves. We prefer the literary opinions of the visiting editor, opinions often not so good as our own, because we haven't the energy or the willingness to express ourselves.

We are a nation of speechmakers and of speechmongers because we do not trust ourselves to informality of expression. "That's just what I think", says the lady in the front row when the eminent lecturer makes a daring statement. She could have said it to her next door neighbor as well, but she wouldn't have had the courage to do so. She prefers to quote. We mentally over-stimulate ourselves in the mass because we find the individual far from stimulating. It is not so much quality of mind that is lacking as willingness to exert ourselves to use it. Conversationally, we are lazy, and we dramatize the few who are good conversationalists until they either take to the lecture platform or become the country's prize bores.

Why not add another slogan to the Village Improvement Society list: "More conversation — fewer speeches."

"ART" AND "TRUTH"

FOR the purposes of writing this editorial six magazines were purchased today from a neighborhood newsstand — six from among many purporting to represent "Art" on the one hand, "Truth About Life" on the other. The six are analyzed briefly below. They stand indicted without further comment, and their public with them.

1. Opening article, "Nudity on the Stage", appropriately illustrated. Supposed artistic comment under picture of Venus: "The Personification strikes a vibrant note and the whole marks a perfect ensemble." Posed photographs of stage beauties. A painting of Cytherea, slightly concealed by doves, bears this interesting legend: "Lionel Roger made his début chiefly as a religious painter." Among the advertisements we find those headed "Birth Control", "Are You Afraid to

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Love?", "Age Turned Back", etc., etc.

2. A domestic relations court department. A "true" story, the synopsis of which reads: "'You cannot know, as I do, the easy road to temptation which begins with fast living and ends only in disgrace', her mother said to her. Girls seldom take the advice of those who have traveled the path, and Dolores was no exception. And so, when good times beckoned —" Another story: "This is the story of a high-school boy and girl who, in all innocence, trod a dangerous road. And then something happened that tore them apart. If they had only known — if their parents had only known —" Advertisements as follows: "Stop Gray Hair", "The Over-Fat are Rare Now", "Freckles Secretly Removed".

3. A combination of One and Two with less nudity and worse fiction. Caption on a photographic illustration of a story, "He Took Her in His Arms and Kissed Her Full on the Lips".

4. Similar to Number Two, running more to heart throbs than out and out sex.

5. Similar to Number One — containing a department: "Love's Cross Word Puzzles". So called artistic comment: "Death in its complete realization and Life in all its activity find expression in the painter's conception of the death of Orpheus. Group pictures are always more compelling because of their movement."

6. The best of the lot masquerading under truth, but with the same appeal. An editorial by Dr. Frank Crane beginning: "There are some feelings that can better be gotten rid of by nipping them in the bud than after they have grown." Story titles: "I Was Dick's Girl — but Ted's Charm Fascinated Me." "Two in a Car." "Her High School Sweetheart."

LOG ROLLING VS. THROAT CUTTING

THERE has been much written of American literary log rolling; of friends who review friends' books favorably; of the literary clique and its fostering of pet genius; of columnists and their preferences. Such log rolling has been much over-stressed. Its existence is a matter of accident rather than of intent. More serious to the public and to those interested in literature is the curious rise of literary throat cutting. It is easier to understand the motivation of a friendly critic than that which drives a man inimical to another's work to pursue him through the years.

Three striking cases of this sort of thing come to mind. One well known New York reviewer not only wrote one article on a certain book he disliked, but contributed unsigned reviews of it to two other papers. A search for the reason revealed the fact that on his one meeting with the victim in question he had found the author "too fresh". Another well known reviewer has now damned three different books of a better known novelist whose work he had previously admired. Again, the change in attitude was traced to an imagined insult. A vicious review, in a certain publication, of a story which received almost universal praise elsewhere was found to have been written by a man who had had unpleasant business relations with a close relative of the author. Such instances illustrate one of the many difficulties which face the editor of a magazine which aims to present book news and criticism honestly.

When you find yourself being disturbed over the fearful possibilities of log rolling, turn your mind to the opposite side of the picture and realize that literary throat cutting exists also.

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LITERARY SOUBRETTES

By Ruth Suckow

A HEROINE of fiction is nearly always under a sad disadvantage. She is not a character, in the actual sense of the word, but a composite picture of all that is sanctioned as charm in the woman of the age. She is an ideal, a theory or a resentment. Therefore, she is either washed out or colored up, over-simplified or over-elaborated, made larger or smaller than life, an angel or the dolly on the Christmas tree. Taken as a whole, all through the course of fiction, she is a compendium of false notions, poor guesswork, foolish distortion, bad retouching, blind adulation, and ardent absurdities.

Fortunately, nearly every novel carries a "secondary character" who corresponds to the old soubrette of the stage. She is not the princess of the fairy tale. She can never wear a crown. She can never marry the prince. But the burden of a people's wishes are not upon her. She has one privilege denied to the heroine — she can afford to be herself. Like the soubrette again, she acts as a safety valve, a relief, a little fresh breath of actuality, without whom fiction — at least as far as its "females" are concerned — would have been almost wholly unenlivened.

The eighteenth century was the day of golden hair, hartshorn and lavender, and graceful fainting fits among heroines. Clarissa Harlowe was its paragon. She was a kind of figurine to be placed on one side of an eighteenth century mantel with Sir Charles Grandison on the other. Grave statesmen burst into tears over the trials and triumphs of her virtue. A stern desire to know the worst once led me to struggle through the endless pages of her tragic history. There were delightful chance phrases here and there, as — "They are going to embalm my Charmer!" But the full horrors of a gentleman's ideal of eighteenth century ladyhood could never have been survived if it had not been for the occasional refreshment of a letter to or from Miss Howe. This small person had no importance except as a conveyer of scandal or compliments to Clarissa. Even so, a few sparkles from her eyes light up this fearful tomb of "female virtue". I should like to extend my greetings and my gratitude to Miss Howe, across many decades of literary neglect, as a woman and a sister.

Sir Walter Scott started out upon the right-thinking path in fiction with the proper golden hair and fragility among his heroines. But he began to weaken under the strain of chivalry. He got around the thing by slyly centring interest in a "secondary character", to whom, since he could not yield her the heroine's inalienable right to marry the hero, he gave great misfortune, a noble nature, and the reader's sympathy as a sop. It was a dangerous step, for it made Rebecca more popular than Rowena, Flora MacIvor more admired than her golden haired peer whose name is lost in oblivion. At last Scott came out boldly and made a dark woman the heroine of "Rob Roy". This was more venturesome still, but

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justified, for Diana Vernon took tremendously with the gentlemen. Scott had sanctified her, however, by giving her the imperious nature long considered to justify the possession of black hair among women.

A more perfect female of this age of lavender drops is to be found in the naive pages of James Fenimore Cooper. She is a being to be regarded with the same breathless delight which the helpless artist accords to the acts of the Cherry Sisters and the poems of the Sweet Singer of Michigan. She is the lady ideal of the boy mind — the sailor's star, the pretty picture on the cigar box — untouchable as the creations of Daisy Ashford. Yet even Cooper, it seems, had qualms. In "The Last of the Mohicans", he employed the device of his master Scott, and made up for his sneaking preference for the dark, courageous — and therefore unfemale — Cora by feeding her to savages.

In the Victorian Age, the heroine had lost her lavender tints and golden shimmer. She was now done in dove grey. Her hair was smooth, her gait was decorous, her gown was simple, her heart was pure. She must fit the rôle of Domestic Virtue. Although generally soft and meek, it might be permissible for her — when of special nobility of spirit — to be dark and regal. Indeed it was the blonde and blue eyed lassies, with the roses and the dimples, who were relegated now to the rôle of frolicsome soubrettes.

The boyish mind of Dickens reflected the Victorian ideal with the purest ardor. No more virtuous helpmeet than Agnes Wickfield was ever dreamed by man. Although Dickens had a tremendous *penchant* for soubrettes, he kept them sternly in their places, sending Little Em'ly to Australia, and — for the sake of the ideal — murdering Dora in her bed. It was a tremendous strain upon him, but he went through it heroically. He stepped into the presence of sublime womanhood, in the persons of Agnes Wickfield, Lizzie Hexam, Mary Graham, with the stiff and uncomfortable reverence of a youth trying to talk to a woman whom he believes sacredly above him and of whom he is tremendously afraid.

Then he was so relieved, so bursting with delight, that he actually cut a literary caper when he could turn back to the "little" Ruth Pinch and Bella Wilfer and Dora Copperfield with whom he was at home. Dickens had such enormous enjoyment with his soubrettes that he infected his readers. No one would take the trouble to remember Emma Haredale, the heroine of "Barnaby Rudge"; but Dolly Varden has lived to give her name to a whole style of feminine adornment. Lizzie Hexam's heroic stand for virtue has not availed her; and the only women who have survived "Our Mutual Friend" are the lively Bella Wilfer and her family adjuncts in the form of the majestic Ma and the terrific Lavvy, the genial Mrs. Boffin and the hunchback Jenny Wren.

Thackeray had not the simplicity of Dickens. He set up to be an observer. He could never have believed in an Agnes Wickfield, yet he held fast to the Victorian dogma of only the soft, silly, acquiescent, tearful, and tender as "womanly". He had an enormous supply of male vanity, and wanted nothing from his heroines but fond adoration. Therefore he turned his soubrettes into fiends. They had clever pretensions, and he punished them with all the venom of his art. There are degrees in his condemnation. It was difficult for him to keep from forgiving Beatrix, who was wild and beautiful. A sneaking and reluctant

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admiration often ran through his portrayal of the wicked little Becky. But for Miss Blanche Amory, who actually committed the feminine indecency of setting herself up in the arts, he had no mercy.

What a revenge these brilliant little fiends have taken upon their severe author! All his fond and doting partiality, his chivalrous protection, have not saved his little Amelia from the glittering wiles of her rival. "Vanity Fair" — and, pretty largely, Thackerary himself — live through Becky Sharp.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, another heroine came into vogue, one more appropriate to *fin de siècle* refinements. She lasted over into the early twentieth century, and became — on our side of the Atlantic — the proud wilful beauty of the Revolutionary and Civil War romances, or the crowning possession of the millionaire era to be bestowed by an approving author upon the rising young honest politician or business man. Haughty caprice was her distinguishing trait, proving her to be a glorious prize and a rose among womanhood. She appeared variously as a Colonial belle, the daughter of a southern colonel, and the prize of the stock market. Finally, in her most awful incarnation, she became an out and out princess in "Graustark" and "When Knighthood was in Flower". But even these novels carried, in a kindly patronizing manner, a nice little soubrette whom the author did not take too seriously to endow her with a few traits of humanity and who would have made the hero a very good wife.

In English fiction, these heroines were rather more purely feminine and decorative, appealing to a taste less ardently credulous. They rose to their greatest æsthetic height in the novels of Thomas Hardy. To Tess, a confessed sinner, Hardy could permit an innocent simplicity. His other heroines were merely variations upon the one theme of feminine caprice. Only to the most humble soubrette in all his novels, a little person in "The Woodlanders" called Marty South, whom — since she had no beauty — he need not seriously consider, did Hardy allow a little sturdy sense.

The heroines of novels by women do not so often have to carry this smothering burden of idealization. They can afford to have a few distinguishing personal traits instead of a bundle of theories, since it is unnecessary for their authors to be in love with them. Even in the flourishing days of Clarissa Harlowe, there was a rather appealing little goose named Evelina, and only a trifle later a whole flock of girls from Elizabeth Bennet to Emma Woodhouse who are as much alive now as when Jane Austen first imagined them. In Amelia Sedley's day, there were Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe. "My Antonia", and "The Bridal Wreath" need no soubrettes to make their heroines humanly endurable.

There are other pitfalls, however, for the woman author. The attitude of the mamma and school teacher may predominate in her, and then she must use her heroine for the instruction of her readers. This teachery Sunday School attitude has been the bane of the "nice stories for girls". Even Louisa M. Alcott was soaked in it. Boys could have their Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn and Peck's Bad Boy, but every heroine, no matter how hoydenish and companionable she might be at the start, was chastened by suffering in the end. Only the Alice of Wonderland — a gift from a man, a kind of literary uncle to the race of little girls — missed being held up

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finally as the Model Girl. But the heroine had friends, less loved by their creator and therefore unchastened; and these soubrettes made even the Elsie books go down.

Or the woman writer may suffer from a jealous partiality for her heroine, which is like the blind and doting affection a mother feels for her favorite whom she must defend against all others. This is sometimes shown blatantly, as with the classic Elsie Dinsmore, or very subtly, as in "The Constant Nymph", in which the majority of readers are led to share the author's "down" on the unfortunate Florence and the almost celestial exaltation of young Tessa. May Sinclair falls frequently into the same error. The reader is made in delicate ways to infer the inevitable rightness of her heroines and the wrongness of all the other women in the novels. The thing is wrought with really cruel subtlety in "Mary Olivier", in the contrast between the all too cherished Mary and her pretty "mama". It nearly ruined the charm of "Little Women" for me as a youthful reader, forcing me to take up the cudgels fiercely for poor Amy, who was always put in the wrong, in the many childhood discussions as to "the favorite character". It was all too apparent, in even that early critical stage, that Louisa M. Alcott was favoring first herself in the character of Jo, then her pet sister in that of Beth, a dearly loved sister as Meg, while Amy — for all her golden curls and her grace — must bring up the tail end.

But there is a worst error of all into which the woman who writes fiction is prone to fall. It derives from her instinct for martyrdom and her craving for sympathy; and consists in using her heroine for the purposes of self pity and self justification, covering the whole matter with an elaborate veil of fiction or fantasy, and slyly working off her grudges on her helpless enemies. The heroine is merely the author dressed up and made up — the author as she would like to see herself, or as, in the flight of her dreams, she perhaps really conceives herself to be. Even George Eliot was not above this impulse. "The Mill on the Floss", with its Maggie Tulliver, is strongly tainted with it. It gives a sturdy forthrightness to the character of Mary Garth, for instance — a not very important personage in "Middlemarch" — which that of the much beautified heroine, Dorothea, lacks.

But if timely charm has been denied to the soubrettes, they have frequently received unknowingly from their makers the quite as valuable gifts of life and survival. The heroines of most old tales are out of date. But their imperfect soubrettes are still interesting. Slight human flaws — a wrist not perfectly turned, a low stature, a keen mind and a keen tongue — disqualified little Ruth Huckaback for the position of heroine in "Lorna Doone". But Lorna, the personification of the ideal of sweet and beautiful girlishness, is simply a pretty lay figure today, while sharp little Ruth Huckaback is a credible and decidedly interesting human being.

Perhaps authors are slowly learning the value of the soubrette's one virtue of human reality. There is a tendency today to take these little persons, failings and all, out of their old obscurity and give them leading rôles. The whole flock of unscrupulous and sophisticated present-day heroines might derive from the brilliant Becky Sharp. Were "Vanity Fair" written today, who could doubt that Becky would be its accepted heroine, with the dear little Amelia a kind of comic figure etched in

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with the unsparing hand of satire? If "David Copperfield" could be re-written, Little Em'ly would play the lead as a matter of course, since Tess made the "fallen woman" æsthetically popular. "The Green Hat", conceived in Victorian times, would undoubtedly have slated the "darling" Venice for heroine and Iris March for either a dire villainess, a Thackerayan demon, or a lost soul drowned in gushes of pity and fished out for repentance at the end. Alice Adams, a natural soubrette, is Booth Tarkington's only memorable heroine. The popular Leora Tozer of "Arrowsmith" is surely one of the old soubrettes — the touching Dora who held the pens — exalted, with the old "womanly woman", in the person of Orchid Pickerbaugh, brought low.

Proof that the soubrettes deserve this partial, latter day consideration may be seen in the following list of some of the most interesting or eminent ones, not confined to the pages of fiction but culled hit or miss from the great body of literature:

Nausicaa, Julia Mannering, Becky Sharp, Nydia the Blind Girl, Topsy, William Baxter's sister Jane, Dolly Varden, Vashti, the red haired girl in "The Light that Failed", Cigarette, all the friends of the Little Colonel, Rebecca the Jewess, Rose Red, Hebe, Lilith, Elaine, Arachne, Annie Ridd and Lizzie Ridd, Tinkerbell, Psyche.

ADAM

By Edmund Vance Cooke

" . . . *she gave me of the Tree and I did eat.*"
Gen. III, 12.

"THE woman tempted me and I did eat."
Aye, and the honest words I still repeat.
The woman *tempted* me. 'Tis no pretense,
Nor need I vindication, or defense;
There is no guilt, Lord God, — nor innocence!

Lord God, I ask You! Why, these beasts can see
She is a temptress and was meant to be!
She is the Fruitful One, Lord God, and she
The Knowledge I have taken from your Tree.

* * *

I take your banishment without demur.
A fig for Paradise! You but confer
A hardier Paradise, henceforth, with her,
My own sweet Temptress—and my comforter.
And so I say again, for good or ill
The Woman tempted me — and tempts me still!
Lord God, I pray You that she ever will!

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DIALECT WRITING

By George Philip Krapp

WHETHER or not there is such a thing as a genuine American dialect, no one can doubt the interest which readers today take in literature written in dialect. A race of dialect enthusiasts has sprung up. Dialect fans cultivate all sorts of exotic lingos, sometimes as earnest philologers, sometimes as anecdotal humorists, and sometimes as professional literary artists. These latter have standardized a number of different dialect patterns by industrious repetition. The devices of language employed by Ring Lardner have acquired a kind of classic dialect quality; and definite Yiddish, Irish, Italian, Negro, and other dialect styles have established themselves so firmly in the public consciousness as to be immediately recognizable when they are seen. All these dialects appear to be immensely interesting to the readers of today. Certainly they lend a variety to writing in America which cannot be paralleled in England. Something in our American circumstances renders us peculiarly susceptible to the dialect character, to the wit, the pathos, even the poetry which is sometimes concealed beneath the garb of uncouth speech.

The first question that occurs to one looking at this exuberant dialect literature is whether it comes up from below, that is, whether it is a reflection and echo of an authentic folk interest in literary expression, or is imposed from above as an ingenious invention of sophisticated literary artists. Undoubtedly the second is the right explanation of its origins. The sporting English of baseball, football, and the ring, the Irish English of Mr. Dooley, the cloak and suit brand of English in "Potash and Perlmutter", the chorus girl and movie English of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", the young-man-in-the-street English of Mr. Weaver's idyls, all these are no doubt based upon a certain degree of observation. They have some foundation in reality. But none of them is a reflection of a folk movement in literature. Nor has there ever been any such folk movement in the whole history of American letters. The poems of Burns were written in dialect because the Scottish folk from whom Burns sprang possessed a traditional literature of song and tale composed in an unconventionalized traditional vernacular. Burns did not merely put the dialect into his poems. The dialect impulse and the poetic impulse came to him together as two things already united. On the contrary, Burns's task was to put enough conventional English into his poems to secure their acceptance by a public accustomed to measure all literature by the established literary standards. Very often the conventional phrase strikes a jarring note, and one feels that Burns would have done better if he had avoided more completely the proprieties of eighteenth century diction.

Our modern American dialect writers are exposed to exactly the opposite danger. Their tendency is to season the dish too strongly, to put in the

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dialect flavoring with too liberal a hand. As inventors and recorders it is always easy for them to discover a great many more dialect traits than as artists they should use. The result is a kind of dialect style that seems sometimes to bear no relation to reality, as in Percy MacKaye's representation of the southern mountain speech. And sometimes the record may be true enough, but it is so elaborate that it becomes work for the painstaking student, not a pleasure to the general reader. The dialect of the Uncle Remus stories was very carefully thought out by Joel Chandler Harris, but it is a question whether it was not too fully thought out and administered from the point of view of the tales regarded as literature. It was not as literature, however, that Harris in the first place conceived his stories. He thought of them as a scientific record of the folklore of an interesting people, in language as well as in plot, and it was a surprise to him to find that the world at large valued them more highly as literature than as science. The stories have lived, not because but in spite of their elaborate dialect. Yet so intimate is the relation between language and content in these tales, like that of twins brought up under the same vine and fig tree, that anyone who attempts to translate them into a simpler and more conventional idiom, as various persons have done, soon finds that in the process of translation a great deal of their charm is destroyed. But the happy accident of the literary success of the Uncle Remus stories should not mislead prospective writers of dialect. For it may safely be put down as a general rule that the more faithful a dialect is to folklore, the more completely it represents the actual speech of a group of people, the less effective it will be from the literary point of view. A genuinely adequate representation of a living dialect could be made only with the help of a phonetic alphabet, and such a record would contain an enormous amount of detail which would merely distract and often puzzle the literary reader. The writer of a literary dialect is not concerned with giving an exact picture of the folklore of speech. As an artist he must always keep his eye on the effect, and must select and reject what the scientific observation of his material reveals to him according as it suits or does not suit his purpose.

The writer of literary dialect for this reason may use certain devices which have no significance whatever to the scientific student of speech. One of these is eye dialect. This is an ancient trick, practised by Sam Slick, Major Jack Downing, Hosea Biglow, Moses Adams, Josh Billings, and all along the line to the Jack Keefes of today. It consists merely in respelling familiar words to accord with the pronunciation, the pronunciation being the same, however, in the speech of the cultivated as in the speech of the uncultivated. Thus to spell "is" as "iz", or "dear" as "dere", or "once" as "wunce", means nothing to the ear, though it may mean something to the eye. It would seem as though dialect writing should have outgrown this simple trick, yet it flourishes as luxuriantly as ever. And in fact there is some justification for it in literary dialect. To the scientific student of speech, these misspellings of words universally pronounced in the same way have no significance, but in the literary dialect they serve a useful purpose as providing obvious hints that the general tone of the speech is to be felt as something different from the tone of conventional speech. For this purpose they are often better than

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strange or striking dialect terms would be, even when the dialect terms are true, because the unfamiliar term frequently seems merely outlandish. But the purpose of the literary dialect is not so much to arouse wonder as to secure sympathetic attention. When someone writes the word "dear" as "dere", we know it is our own word "dear", but "dear" with a difference. Our loves, we are subtly given to understand, are not as other people's loves.

The two most elaborate of the literary dialects used today are Yiddish English — or as Mr. Brody has aptly called some brands of it, Yidgin English, after the analogy of pidgin English — and Negro English. Yiddish English is of fairly recent origin as a literary dialect, but Negro English has an ancient history. Among the first of the practitioners of Yiddish English was Myra Kelly, whose Yiddish, however, has always been regarded with an eye of suspicion by those to the manner born. Yet even those who by race and inheritance ought to know more about this peculiar speech have not escaped criticism when they have used it for literary purposes. The number of language perversions and of adaptations from Yiddish which one might record, if one went about with pencil and notebook in hand and listened with an attentive ear to what one heard on Delancey or Orchard Street, is limitless. But when all these observations are assembled and fused into the speech of one person, the result is something that never existed in nature. A person who knows Yiddish has an inexhaustible mine in which to dig for linguistic eccentricities. It takes a kind of inventive genius to write a language as astonishing, and withal as persuasive, as that which Milt Gross puts into the mouths of the Feitlebaums and their neighbors. Here language has become a highly ingenious game, played for its own sake. For as Mr. Brody shrewdly remarks, "Ghetto psychology is well-handled in inverse proportion to the amount of Yidgin a story contains. When a writer uses such crude means of laying on local color, he can afford to stop at the surface, but if he deprives himself of their aid he has to prove his points."

It would be an interesting speculation to inquire to what extent Yiddish English enjoys its literary popularity, not because of its truth to the facts, but because it is so grotesquely contrary to the facts. Certainly it must be granted that the children of Yiddish parentage often learn to speak English with a marvelous propriety. Often they speak English better than the children of American descent because they make more effort to speak well. Perhaps, like a great many jokes, Yiddish English is a joke only because it isn't true. In time it may even come to pass that the most faithful conservers of the pure English idiom will be found among those who have reacted against the environment which the Feitlebaums and the Potashes and Perlmutters are supposed to represent. When that time comes, just as the best English is supposed to be spoken in Dublin, the best French by the cultivated stranger in Paris, so the best American will find its home in Delancey and Orchard Streets.

Like Yiddish English, Negro English is also a disappearing speech; and as it vanishes in reality, it becomes all the more suited for literary purposes. Except in remoter regions of the south, all Negroes of the present generation have passed through the normalizing educational machine through which all other citizens of the republic have passed. The language of the average Negro now differs from the standards of cultivated speech to no greater de-

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gree than that of the average white man. But the dialect speaking Negro has a long literary history. The attempts to record Negro speech go back almost to the beginnings of American literature. Negro personages speaking in character appear in the eighteenth century in some of the earliest plays written in America. But these earliest efforts were not followed at once by any extensive experiments in Negro dialect. In fact, it was not until after the Civil War that the Negro and his speech, regarded as literary material, came into their own. Undoubtedly the diffusion of the Negroes among the general social body, and consequently the increase of direct contacts with them, have greatly contributed to the growth of interest in them. But as these contacts have increased, so also the sense that the Negro is a strange and alien creature has diminished. People still have Negroes in their kitchens, but the old fashioned colored mammy is as extinct as the auk, and even southern gentlemen now sigh in vain for the devoted body servant of the old legend. In a word, Negro dialect, like most of our dialect literature, is highly romantic and rhetorical. It pictures a remote and vanishing life in strong colors, replacing to large extent direct observation by inventive fancy. For this reason it is beside the point to apply the test of truth to reality too stringently to it. Many of the features of Negro dialect as it is written today are merely survivals from earlier periods in which they appeared also in the speech of white people. Who ever hears a Negro say "gwine" now for "going"? No doubt it can be heard in some remote rustic region, but in a lifetime of fairly continuous acquaintance with Negroes of many sorts, I have never heard the pronunciation "gwine" from the lips of a Negro speaking naturally. Such pronunciations are philologically interesting, and for the dialect artist they are as symbolical as a bandana handkerchief, but it would be fatal to look at them too critically from the point of view of truth to reality.

Some of the Negro dialects as they have been reported in literature are marvels of ingenuity, such for example as that found in the stories of the Carolina coast narrated by Mr. Gonzalez. These are fascinating tales, not only for the glimpses into primitive folk psychology that they give, but for their illustration of what strange things can happen to English without changing the language into something which is not English. The English of Mr. Gonzalez's stories calls for a new name, however, and perhaps we might call it Nidgin English, after the analogy of Mr. Brody's Yidgin English. The reader who ventures into it will probably soon find that this highly elaborated Nidgin English interferes a good deal with his enjoyment of the stories as literature. There is too much of it. DuBose Heyward in his very artistic and poetic "Porgy" — a book which describes the same kind of life and characters as Mr. Gonzalez's "Black Border" — wisely restricts himself to comparatively few dialect characteristics. (And by the way, how would Mr. Heyward have us pronounce the name of his hero, with a hard or a soft "g"? The word looks like the well known New England name of a fish called by the natives "pogies", caught from "pogie boats", though the only spelling the dictionaries seem to know for this word is "porgy, porgies"). Which is the truer record of Gullah English, that of Mr. Gonzalez or that of Mr. Heyward? But this is a vain question to ask if the authors, as presumably both of them did, intended their books to be regarded as examples

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of literature, not as philological treatises. Much more relevant is the question, which of the two books is the more successful as a work of art?

If our contemporary American dialect literature does not rest on the same kind of foundation as the poetry of Burns, still less is it like the older popular literature of the ballads. The ballads were the compositions of a singing and story telling folk. They reveal the engaging simplicity and naturalness of a people frankly expressive but not painfully aware of themselves. In America we have a few ballads, cowboy ballads of the southwest, survivals of older ballads in the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains, and occasional versified narratives of murders, robberies, and executions. But when one examines this ballad literature, one discovers that there is very little that is popular in the language of it — except perhaps in the sense that the poems are written with that elaborate propriety of expression which the simple minded writer is likely to assume when he submits himself to the perils of taking his pen in hand.

The truth is that our dialect literature is not a popular literature at all, and that it never has been. It is in reality a highbrow literature, the work of persons who stand superiorly aloof from popular life and picture it amusedly, patronizingly, photographically, satirically, sentimentally, as their tastes incline them. It seems indeed that the gap between high life and low life is so narrow in America and so frequently bridged, that everyone is constantly aware of this stimulating or dangerous propinquity. The immigrant of today becomes the millionaire of tomorrow. Indians in their wigwams become oil kings overnight. And probably the opposite happens just as often, the rich and cultivated of one generation becoming the horny handed sons of toil in the next. The bringing together of different types from various geographical communities, but above all from different social levels, during the World War, also increased the reflecting man's awareness of his esteemed but ungrammatical neighbors. The high wages and prosperity of the past few years have likewise undoubtedly helped to provide a favorable atmosphere for the growth of a dialect literature.

The popular dialect characters today are not country bumpkins and hayseeds. Swallows do not nest in their whiskers. Farmer Corntossel and Senator Sorghum are still alive, but they belong to an older generation. The modern dialect character may be a person who comes from the cultural backwoods, but he does not know it. He — or she — is altogether up and coming. He wears just as good clothes, as expensive shoes, as fancy silk shirts as anyone else. Merely by looking at him one may not be able to tell him from the product of seven generations of culture. It is only when he opens his mouth that he reveals himself. To the outward eye we are all alike nowadays. But it is exactly this outward similarity which makes speech the more significant. The jewels of grammatical impropriety which fall from the lips of those who seem to be traveling in our own class are treasured because they are found in such unexpected settings. Miss Ferber's salesladies are very perfect gentlewomen, until they begin to talk. They speak then with the tongues not of angels, but of very fallible human beings.

These rearrangements of types and classes in America keep the whole social body agitated and make it extremely difficult to fix social attitudes. Literary dialects do not flourish in England as they do here because in England a

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popular dialect bears so little relation to the lives of the cultivated readers — who after all must be the readers of works written in a dialect. In spite of the far reaching adjustments that have taken place in English life in recent years, class distinctions are still maintained firmly in England.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the attitude of our American dialect writers toward their characters and the life they describe is altogether kindly and sympathetic. The hilarity of dialect writing is often only camouflage from the protection of which the writer shoots the arrows of a hard and bitter satire. It serves somewhat the same purpose as the animal fable of Reynard the Fox and of the later fabulists. The best known of Ring Lardner's characters, for example, is an amusing enough person, but if one looks beneath the surface, he is much more than that. He provides many occasions for laughing at him, but very few for laughing with him. He is a two fisted, self satisfied, thick witted creature, with a hide like an elephant's. His conversation in the intimate social relations is incredibly brutal and direct. He has been exposed to the elementary cultural influences of the democratic American surrounding, though they have taken only in the most superficial way. But he is by no means everybody's fool. His perceptions are not fine, but direct action with him takes the place of delicacy. He is "not so dumb" but that he will always get along. He is as hard as nails, and when it comes to the point, as blunt as a nail. If one were compelled to live with him, one could not escape treating him like a nail and hammering him over the head. But he is amazingly true and typical. He might almost be taken as our most representative citizen. Yet if this is what evolution, democracy, and prosperity have presented to us, what shall we think of evolution, democracy, and prosperity? Mr. Lardner is not an explicit satirist after the fashion of the old school, but implied in all his humor there is a serious criticism of life. Perhaps it is always so with humor that penetrates beneath the surface. Humorists have always been reported to be at bottom serious and even melancholy persons, and certainly the dregs of Mr. Lardner's cup of laughter are bitter.

Whether dialect writing will flourish as abundantly in the future as it does today is a question. But as long as society presents violently contrasting social groups in intimate contact it will continue to provide abundant material for the dialect humorist. The types, however, will change. The rustic Yankee of the earlier periods of American literature is already a thing of the past. So also the day of Hans Breitmann and the comic German is gone because the Germans have disappeared in the general conglomerate. The literary Irishman still has a spark of life in him, but he also is moribund. In another generation the dialect Negro will fade further and further away into the dim haze of romance, and with our present quota restrictions of immigration, the Yiddish of today will soon become legendary and archaic. The last of our dialect characters to disappear will probably be the coarse grained American citizen whose mental machinery is not adequate to enable him to assimilate the civilities of custom in the midst of which he lives. The only way to get rid of him is to breed him out of the race, but that takes time. Meanwhile new generations of illiterate bounders, climbers, and gold diggers will continue to enliven our American scene, offering a rich harvest of mirth for the heedless and of philosophical reflection for the thoughtful.

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THE COCK

Written and Illustrated

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

DESIRE in feathers, flame on toes,
Passion ruddier than the rose,
New-blue steel and will on springs,
Trumpets, and all brazen things,
The daystar waits upon your hail,
Taut, naked symbol of the male!

Helen who had hosts to die
At the melting of her eye
Bowed her white neck to your thin
Clarion that led day in,
Put her pride and love away
To yield up man to man the day.

Thrice one night you arched and crew
When the sky rent through and through
And faces whiter than the light
Glared upon the spawn of night
As they dragged to nail on wood
Christ's fierce and holy manlihood.

Beauty that hates all that is dead,
Beauty of strong wings outspread,
Loveliness of wrath and heat,
Ardor with untiring feet,
Gale of desire that tears and rends
And sows life to the sky's far ends!

Spark that never time puts out,
Force that spins the sun about,
Male and majesty, first source
Of all that runs the living course,
All marks the time your feet have trod,
Sower of the seed of God!

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CALABASH VILLAGERS

By Gertrude Mathews Shelby

UPON my wall hangs the Old Granman's ironhart war club; three fine brownhart bows with eighteen arrows, feathered in scarlet from flamingo and black from toucan; and little Yoopani's frivolous *moy-moy* basket for treasures, pressed on me as a keepsake. They evoke cherished memories of those vital South American Caribs who taught me how certain a stamp of inferiority is our customary assumption of superiority to primitives.

I walk again down a jungle aisle pillared by tall trees, along a sandy trail between two rows of sepia houses, thatched of roof and plaited of sides. I come out upon a wide space like a plaza upon which faces the chief's house. It manages to be somewhat imposing although its wall-less ground floor is open to the winds, and its unusual second story is reached only by a rude stairway, a wide slanting log deeply notched into steps. In the porchlike space at the top, Banza, the old Granman, lies in his hammock, watching our approach with shrewd inscrutability. His very best young wife, sitting on a *bagni* or stool, ministers to him, surgically evicting ticks from one foot.

To receive callers, particularly of another race, while chiropody is going forward, is a test passed only by thoroughbreds; Banza is unperturbed, bulwarked, I realize, by confidence of place, personality, and power.

Bowing, I present black tobacco and cloth. "Make the proper polites", I instruct my interpreter. "Then tell him that we come from Lanti, the White Father (the governor). If he will add his permission to Lanti's we should like to stay for a time to learn about the fishing, hunting, and living. For such service as I need I will give trade goods."

While this message is conveyed in *taki-taki*, hybrid of many tongues, Banza's young wife most enviously examines the gewgaws, the beads, the kettles, the cloths, of which Ed, our black cook, carries samples. Her lower lip is pierced. Through the tiny aperture she wears a common pin, head on the inside. When touched by her tongue, it waggles insouciantly. Woven-on bands below her knees, at her ankles and wrists, give her the slightly deformed shape fashionable in Calabash Village.

The Chief himself looks covetous, and almost beamingly gives us permission not only to remain but, if we care to, to use the house once erected for a white Bush engineer who paid his people well for collecting a certain tree gum.

Delightedly I present more cotton, more tobacco, some strings of beads, and a large headed black pin for his wife. I had thought to anchor our broad bodied launch on the mudflats near the felled tree which serves as a pier for this remote village up the unfrequented Copenham River. The bird life on those flats is a continual spectacle. Scarlet ibis, not one but thousands, congregate close by, a glowing, flaming multitude. Yet to participate in tribal life would mean much more, for then perhaps I might gain some understanding of the hidden lives of

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these alluring people, no longer warlike but still wild.

Hospitably we are offered calabash cups of a native drink, a mixture of honey and lime juice. I remark on the rains. Solemnly the chief replies with a bit of news. A boy of the village has died. I curb the impulse to condole, observing in the Granman's bearing a fatalistic acceptance of the bald fact.

As we start to go he calls his grown son, Anassy — literally, Mr. Pineapple — to help us settle. The Granman's little wife resumes her absorbing if not aseptic search for those wily ticks which insinuate themselves under toenails or in creases of soles, to feed, have families, and cause infection which forces surgical removal.

Yes. . . . Once again I see bronze figures as they crowded about me then with food for trade. I bought for two leaves of tobacco a whole bunch of bananas. Plantains cost three, pineapples, grown promiscuously about, cost six. A *malm*, like a half grown wild turkey, is expensive at ten.

Water was a real housekeeping problem. It must be carried. That was how I came to find Yoopani, most treasured of all my Surinam friends. She attracted my attention by displaying a sense of humor. To be sure, this was not altogether a compliment, since I was its objective. Wearing herself only a lap or loincloth, the customary garterlets and beads, she was amused at my stuffy khaki trousers, boots, blouse, and felt hat. When, in a painful attempt at *taki-taki*, I asked her to bring daily three kerosene tins of water from the well to my house, she yelled with laughter, and fled. But she returned, a sleek, beautiful, animated sculpture, balancing upon her sturdy black head a big tin of water. I paid her in lump sugar, and her faithfulness ever after was unflawed.

She smiled, she hopped, she took me in charge. Cutlas in hand, she led me to a creek poisoned for fish. As we passed through the palm swamp she cut great green fans, and at the creek bank spread them down for me to sit on. More than fifty Indians, the men with bows and arrows, were congregated on the shores. I was too late to see how they had found the fish and poisoned the water. Two netting-like obstructions of woven withes stretched across the shallow stream, walls of a fish trap. I judged they might have been put across far above and below the school of fish and then dragged together until they were perhaps a hundred feet apart. A visible mass of pulped up leaves probably furnished the necessary poison.

Trying to get out, the fishes dashed to and fro. When large ones came to the surface, with the utmost sureness of aim an Indian would let fly an arrow. As I watched these long red streaks cutting through the water my pride in civilization received its first shock. These primitives were competent. Their directness in gaining their food put our lumbering processes of production and distribution to a comparison not wholly complimentary to us.

Yoopani flashed about, her round face happy. After an hour or so fishes began to come to the surface, yellow bellies uppermost. This was the moment she and the other women had been waiting for. Into the muddy stream she went, raising her cutlas. Where I could see nothing but murky water, her weapon fell, she groped, and brought up her fish, throwing it ashore. With marvelous aim, her cutlas flashed repeatedly. For the half dead fish she used the back of her weapon, for the lively ones the sharp edge, bringing her prizes up generally with half or the whole head gone.

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By three o'clock more fish than they could all carry in one trip to the village were on the bank, so I left. About six Yoopani followed me. "Me smell fish. Me all *toko-toko* (muddy). Me go wash me skin." Evidently the Bush engineer who preceded me in that house had taught her a good deal, I concluded. She bounced into the river, regardless of pirai and sharks, with wild yells and splashing. But it was not the engineer who had taught her cleanliness, for all the women of the place bathed daily together close by, and rubbed their bodies afterward with oil, to keep off insects.

Presently Yoopani was out again, fresh and glowing, and clamoring — a gentle hint? — "Empty like hell!" Some biscuits and syrup, some boiled rice and peppers, a cigarette, and she was a new woman. Merry, all-alive, even now carrying her share of the village labor, she went home to clean, salt, and smoke fish until bedtime. Yoopani had already convinced me that, did one penetrate beyond superficial values, this Indian realm was no shirkers' paradise but a life earnest, exacting, yet beautiful.

Dusk fell too soon, cool and damp. Tiny fires, kindled mainly for light, threw into relief the calm figures which moved about unhurriedly or sat immovable on low, carved stools. Their shadows hovered witchily across the palm thatched ceilings, or massed in interesting blocks. Low voices, to my ear strangely inflected, passed comment on the catch that day. Fragrant odors from the long *tamoes*, cigars made of black tobacco wrapped in *cocorattee* bark, wafted to us. An Indian flute wailed, in a monotone sadder and more sustained than any dirge I know, reminding me that the Granman had spoken of a death. One by one the fires snuffed out and I gratefully crept under a blanket on my camp cot, only to be electrified by a vast, hollow roar — distant howler monkeys, offering their strange contrapuntal accompaniment in the adagio movement of the nocturnal symphony of Bush sounds.

Silver-gilt light and chattering from high hollow trees, a parrot village, woke me. Green and gold parrots flew off in talkative pairs to the day's business. While I hastily consumed coffee, Yoopani came in sight. I mustered enough *taki-taki* to inquire diffidently what was the news of the day.

She informed me that her cousin, Mrs. Pineapple, had had twins! Would I like to go call? Of course, "*now-now*" — she hopped her ingratiating hop — she wanted to eat sweets! Into the clean, red-brown palm of her shapely, well nailed hand, I poured a tablespoon of golden syrup, which all Indians love. Much delight, chuckles, and pride! I picked up the quart can of it and, with Yoopani already sticky from ear to ear, we proceeded to Anassy's pleasant house.

Just in front of it I particularly noticed a blood-red *dressina*, the only one in the village. I pointed, but Yoopani hung her head strangely. Then I forgot it, seeing the new twins, plump and black haired, lying curled up like kittens in a mauritia fibre hammock of unusual design. Their mother, small, but with immense black braids and intelligent expression, was fussing about as casually as though having babies were an everyday event.

I presented my sticky gift, thereby forever insuring myself entrée to Mrs. Pineapple's house. Yoopani fairly danced, awakening one twin, whose shoe button black eyes stared gravely. Mrs. Anassy tucked him up to nurse, but, by aid of a sling about her body, reserved the use of one hand for managing the syrup can. While she and

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Yoopani slowly consumed its contents, I looked about me.

Her house was furnished in the best local style. Obviously, when interrupted, Mrs. Anassy had been carrying on several operations at once. A woodpile, seen at no other time, spoke eloquently of preparation for this birth. No climatic change forces the habitual accumulation of fuel. Until a woman faces her lonely time of trial no thrifty forethought is customary. But today she had wood to keep up the fire over which yuccas on a tripod were cooking and a huge thin cassava cake, propped up at one side, slowly toasted. In one corner a sort of trough contained a small mountain of coarse white pulp. Cassava tubers and a grater, on a basketry tray, showed that Mrs. Anassy had been preparing more meal which, after the prussic acid had been pressed out, would be ready to make their daily bread. On the opposite side of the room a tall brown openwork basket filled with cotton bolls, topped by a calabash spindle, was placed next a *bagni* upon which Mrs. Pineapple usually sat while fluffing out, drawing, twisting the fibre, finally rolling the strands on her bare knee into a rope or thread.

Industry was plainly Mrs. Pineapple's outstanding characteristic — a challenge to another false tradition that Indians are lazy. She cleaned and smoked the family's meat. Perhaps even today she would go to the "cassava grounds" where the women carried on the actual cultivation of the fields. Other household possessions bespoke her ceaseless activity. On the loom in the corner she made the hammocks which are the only beds these Indians use. She coiled the clay bowls, the *guglets* (water jugs) and tympana jars. To Anassy was reserved the hunting, the artful fishing, the carving of paddles, stools, and his flutes, the bow and arrow manufacture, and the amazing craft of shaping lovely *corials* (canoes) from great logs.

Now Mr. Pineapple was not to be seen. For a month he had been living at the home of his father. Indians respect pregnancy. He would not return for several weeks. Husband and wife do not even speak to each other except as absolutely necessary in the day's work. But I judged Anassy must already have seen his sons, for on a mat of leaves lay a peccary which, early in the day as it was, he had killed and brought home.

Pineapple-ette One had gone to sleep while feeding. Pineapple-ette Two woke and wailed. His mother laid One down. A bath for Two, she decided. The last baby's bath I had attended was an awe inspiring affair of thermometers, special soap, pads, talcum and accessories, and carefully learned-from-a-textbook rules. The operation took an hour and left the mother, at least, exhausted. Mrs. Pineapple's technique was blithely simple. While Yoopani and I watched, fascinated, she whisked the little brown mite over to a corner of the house, held him at arm's length, and capsized a calabash of water over him. It took his breath, but he gurgled with pleasure as she wiped him deftly with cotton, patted him, and put him to breast. In less than three minutes all told she was ready to resume her household tasks.

But before she did so, she surprised me by going out to look at the *dressina*. Her face, as she leaned over to pat down the earth, which had been recently disturbed, was sad, even yearning. Yoopani glanced at her but did not speak. Why was that *dressina*, a mere croton plant with curling leaves, important to her? Had it some symbolism? As she turned, she caught my eyes. For

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the first time she seemed to include me in her thoughts as a human being, not as a preposterous creature from some other sphere. In that instant before she returned to her tasks she appealed to me, stoically, to understand something common to the experience of all women.

It excited me. I had to understand it. I returned to my charming sepia house to ask my guide about it. "The *dressina*", he explained, "is the crêpe on the door, the tombstone, so to speak. Mrs. Anassy was the mother of the boy who died."

The coming and the passing of life — double tribulation she had faced then, this sturdy, efficient little soul. What philosophy, what consolation had she with which to meet such crises? Religion? Was the medicine man or priest of any real use?

"We will go to see your *Pe-i-man*", I told Yoopani. Whereupon she again hung her head, this time in awe. Nevertheless, she dutifully trotted with us to the house of this important personage at the other end of the village.

A stout man whose head was completely shaved save for one standing tuft at the crown — a distinctive haircut anywhere in the world — he sat upon a *morocoi* stool, carved in crude likeness of a turtle. His calculating eyes watchful, he received us with a certain authoritative urbanity but without rising. Upon my instruction, my guide inquired solicitously about the health and well being of the village. For the *Pe-i-man* is the keeper of bodies and souls, a master of black and white magic. What was *Pe-i-i* by his dictum was either not done or not touched. He advised deeply upon agriculture. Was not *Pe-i-i* bush-feared by all the tribe? Did they not carry his *beenahs*, or charms, to keep devils out of the cassava and make it grow well?

The *Pe-i-man* responded to tactful flattery. He would have us understand clearly he was a doctor of note, famous up and down the rivers, especially for his treatment of leprosy. He waved toward calabashes which held concoctions of vegetable oils, and a jug containing some strange sacramental medicine compounded from a recipe requiring many herbs, strong drink, and the blood of Bush creatures. In small bowls were varicolored clays he had just been preparing to paint the villagers for a dance. My guide surmised it would be the death dance of the son of Mr. and Mrs. Anassy, now to be deferred until after our departure.

This combination of animistic superstition, ritual, materialism he suggested — could that satisfy Mrs. Pineapple? Yet, after all, these outward demonstrations were not so much more inexplicable than fonts, garlands, candles, idols, saints and saviors found in every other religion. But was there some positive principle upon which they depended? Was there faith?

As I asked myself this, through the curtain of lianas I caught sight of a *corial* pushing its way past. Mrs. Anassy was its sole occupant. My guide spoke. "Do you see that tremendous silk-and-cotton tree out on the point, the *Gaddo* tree? She's going there. That's their temple, really. This queer structure" — he pointed to a half sized house — "with the strange odds and ends of jugs and sticks tied up with feathers, and bowls holding liquids that smell bad, is a sort of sacred laboratory; but that huge tree is headquarters, the cathedral, where every woman in the village goes alone to worship. To please the *Gaddo* (God) who will then keep off the interfering spirits, or *jumbies*, they always leave an offering of food and drink."

I couldn't help reflecting that the

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Pe-i-man was the fattest man in the village. Was it terror and hokum which was a supreme influence, or the spirit of the Great Gaddo? Meditating this, to Yoopani's obvious relief I left, strolling back to call again on the Granman.

To our greeting the chief responded cheerfully, "It goes well."

My guide spoke of the coming rains, the high tides, the trade winds.

The Granman interrupted with a question: "What will check parasol ants?"

I knew that these constitute the greatest of plagues, destructive of crops. "Why did you say, 'It goes well', if the ants have come?" I demanded.

"It *is* well", the chief returned, calmly. "We merely do not understand everything. We choose new cassava grounds as well as we may. We do our best to clean well and put in good stock at the right season. We gather the crop He allows to grow. If it is sufficient we are joyfully grateful. If it fails, and we starve, we do so without complaint. We know that it is best. Has not the Great Gaddo chosen for us?"

What more could one ask of a "heathen"? Humbly, I pondered the brave, world-old beauty of philosophic fortitude, touched to find it here. When I left this fine man, the sturdy Mrs. Pineapple and the blithe Yoopani, I carried with me an enduring respect for the quality and common sense of these Calabash Villagers.

CHEAP DANCE HALL GIRLS

By Maxwell Bodenheim

BRIGHT mud, inured and vapid, turns
In forms of girls upon the floor
And whines for tu'pence as it spurns,
Somewhere within, an alien core.

O hearts, some streak within your mud —
Freshly defiant, like a knife
Too thin to be a knife — makes blood
Revolt against the smirks of life.

These dancing girls, with skin like smooth
And softly poised insanity,
Sometimes forget to mind and soothe
The dictates of inanity.

Then weariness sits in their eyes
And on the heedless droop of lips —
A sulky, dim, rebuked surmise
That nights, to them, are shoddy quips.

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THE POETRY OF EDMUND GOSSE

By John Drinkwater

AT the age of seventy seven, with a vigor hardly less remarkable than that of Thomas Hardy at eighty six, Sir Edmund Gosse continues to hold the attention of his age as a practising writer. In his long life he has distinguished himself in many fields of letters. As a critical essayist he has for more than a generation delighted readers of fastidious taste, creating, it might almost be said, his own form, the Kit-Kat, as he himself has called it. "I have tried to produce", he has told us, "a combination of pure criticism and pure biography, the life illustrated by the work, the work relieved by the life. Such criticism as is here attempted is not of the polemical order; the biography excludes that. We cease to be savage and caustic when we are acquainted with the inner existence of a man, for the relentlessness of satire is only possible to those who neither sympathise nor comprehend. What is here essayed is of the analytical, comparative, and descriptive order; it hopes to add something to historical knowledge and something to æsthetic appreciation. It aims, in short, at presenting a little gallery of . . . Kit-Kats, modest in proportion, but large enough to show the head and the hand." Of the grace and intuition with which Sir Edmund has been able to fulfil his intention we have evidence, not only in a long series of volumes but happily in the admirable causeries that he still contributes weekly to the "Sunday Times". Maturity of judgment, humor, sensitiveness to style both in literature and character, have seldom in our critical literature been so fortunately combined. An essay by Sir Edmund Gosse, be its occasion august or slight, nearly always has the organization, the selection, the proportion, of a work of art. Fine scholar though he is, acquainted as a daily habit with both the philosophy and the æsthetics of European culture, philosophy and æsthetics have been very little his concern. The underlying principles of literature, while they have clearly enough been within his intellectual range, have never been a motif in his work. Nothing could be further removed than his criticism, for example, from the profound and beautiful treatises with which Lascelles Abercrombie has lately enriched English poetics. Sir Edmund is by nature nothing of the theorist; his interest, as a critical writer, is with the personality of literature, and indeed, in a very human and engaging manner, with the personalities. It is not to split hairs to say that as a critic he is not constructive, but that he is creative. He does not often reveal to us why a writer is of such or such a character, but he has an almost magical gift for setting before us what the character of his chosen writer precisely is. In the instances where he has exercised this gift on a more than Kit-Kat scale, he has made notable books. His Life of Swinburne is a triumph of method. And it may be observed that within the scope of that method is an ironic perception that has been highly praised, and rightly praised,

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in such a work as that of Lytton Strachey, yet wrongly attributed to Mr. Strachey as a discovery. But for myself, I find that Sir Edmund Gosse subdues his irony to a stricter sense of human values than do some of the brilliant writers who have been influenced by him. "We cease to be savage and caustic when we are acquainted with the inner existence of a man." The method that has served him so richly through a long career has nowhere been displayed to more advantage than in that critical study of his own youth, "Father and Son". That is a book that will survive from this age with greater things than itself but it is as sure of survival as the greatest, and within its own design it is consummate.

One word in conclusion on Sir Edmund Gosse's prose. The prose of many of the most fashionable writers of our time is cursed by a quite terrible self consciousness. To read the literary columns of almost any of our weekly reviews, signed by names that are well spoken of, is to be oppressed by the patently studied effects that are as fatal to good writing as they are detestable in the prima donnas of the concert platform. Of this tiresome complacency there is nothing in Sir Edmund Gosse's prose style. If we stop to examine the secrets of his manner we realize how artfully designed the polish and precision must have been, but the artfulness never asserts itself. Sir Edmund's relish for his own work is a thing that he keeps to himself.

Sir Edmund Gosse's eminence as a prose writer is now a matter of common assent. Today his criticism shares with Thomas Hardy's poetry the distinction of being defended by the younger lions against imaginary disparagements. Some of his admirers, as some of Mr. Hardy's, may even find it a little disconcerting at times to be scolded for not doing something which they have done of their own natural inclination for years. It is, however, not so commonly remembered that Sir Edmund Gosse is a poet, and that his "Collected Poems" is a substantial volume of nearly four hundred pages. He has published no new verse for a good many years now, and he has sometimes spoken with charming humor of his poetry as having fallen into total oblivion. Now and again a discerning anthologist in recent years has found treasure here and there from Sir Edmund's pages, and now quite lately Messrs. Benn have published an admirable little selection from his poems in their series of sixpenny poets. They and their editor, Edward Thompson, are to be congratulated upon their good judgment in recalling attention to an aspect of Sir Edmund's work that though for a period it may have been neglected is very far from being negligible.

At a date no less remote than 1868 there appeared in a journal called "The Torquay and South Devon Directory" a sonnet, "To Devon". It is not in itself a very remarkable sonnet, but as the work of a boy of eighteen it is remarkable enough. Although the poetic inspiration may be slight and conventional there is evidence of an altogether precocious taste and technique. The sonnet was included in a volume entitled "Madrigals, Songs and Sonnets", bearing on its title page the names of John Arthur Blaikie and Edmund William Gosse, and published by Longmans, Green and Company in 1870, a book that is now a bibliographical rarity. To it Edmund Gosse at the age of twenty one contributed something over thirty poems, and although with one exception he has never cared to include them

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in any of his later collections, they claim our attention for a few moments. In the first place we have to realize what a far cry back in the history of modern poetry 1870 is. The new poets of the moment were Swinburne and Morris. "Poems and Ballads" had been out four years, and "The Life and Death of Jason" three. Rossetti's poems were to be published in this same year, 1870, and nothing of Thomas Hardy's had yet appeared in book form. The poetry of that age has in our own time been somewhat obscured by the inevitable reaction, and this earliest work of Edmund Gosse has a general character to which the taste of 1926 is perhaps not very sympathetic. But it is worth noting at the outset that the boy who collaborated with John Blaikie in the publication of 1870 was not merely a disciple of the school to which he belonged but one of its earliest members.

Silence, weak heart! no words of thy repining
Can change the order of the fateful years;
Gaze rather at the wreath the Hours are twining
In this chill northern land! the time for tears
Is fled, with all the sorrows of the snow:
Now once again the milder zephyrs blow;
Flower-buds are dreaming in the deep fresh grass;
Waken, O Earth, my dull and weary spirit,
New glory to inherit!
Teach these faint eyes what sacred pleasures flow
From thy least valued places; wherefore go
To distant lands, when beauties here surpass
All that a poet in his dreams can see?
Therefore with humbled heart and head bent low,
Here will I rest until thou speak'st to me!

This is not merely the exercise of virtuosity upon a current theme; it is the contribution of a young mind to a development in which it was itself taking a part. Although the work in this volume may on the whole suggest rather an extremely delicate appreciation of poetry than an inventive power which it would be unreasonable to look for in so young a poet, there are yet in it occasional notes of discovery that were sufficient to justify the interest with which any maturer work that might come from the new writer was awaited. One short poem in the book, it may be said in passing, provides a striking commentary upon the mysteries of poetic succession, mysteries that current criticism so frequently ignores. Admirers of Ralph Hodgson's lovely "Song of Honour" will read with a peculiar interest this snatch of lyric written by the poet of twenty one in 1870:

Down the slope with flowers besprent
At noontide yesterday I went,
And some few precious hours I spent
Beside the sounding sea;
The light-green wavelets at my feet
Upon the snow-white pebbles beat,
In oft-recurring music, sweet
As moonlight melody;
The clouds were crimson-barr'd and gold,
Behind their crags I saw the old
Primeval blue its breadth unfold, —
I saw it and was glad:
For no low-chanted lulling psalm,
No holy waft of Gilead balm,
Can bring my soul such stedfast calm,
'Twould soothe a brain grown mad!

Perhaps the maturest contribution made to the Blaikie and Gosse book by our author is "The Tomb in the Garden", a poem of considerable length dealing with the burial of Christ. It has the first cardinal merit of being definitely interesting as a story. It is written, if not with great distinction, with unfailing sureness of touch, and in some passages there is a beauty that seems to me to have survived quietly for fifty five years. I am surprised that Sir Edmund has not thought well to retain the poem in his Collected Edition. The work is skilfully arranged in a variety of metrical forms, and the following will serve as an indication of its quality:

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Why should we weep and sorrow thus in vain?
Let us go back again
To those fair shores on which the wavelets break
Of Galilee's calm lake;
Once more the nets, once more the little boat,
Once more again to float
Across the silent water-ways that bore
Him we shall see no more.

Why did we ever leave those noiseless places,
To look on busy faces?
We will go back to our old trade again,
Nor fish for souls of men.
Ay me! He had a winning voice, and ways
Full of all love and grace!
None ever spoke such words as this Man said,
And lo! this Man is dead!

The first volume to bear Edmund Gosse's name alone was "On Viol and Flute", published in 1873. This was followed by "New Poems" in 1879, "Firdausi in Exile", 1885, "In Russet and Silver", 1894, and "The Autumn Garden" in 1909. The "Collected Poems" were published in 1911, and contained the following preface, itself, as it seems to me, an affecting tribute to Edmund Gosse's own personality.

There is nothing in which fashion alters so rapidly as it does in poetry. I have followed every successive change in it with curiosity, and I believe with sympathy. I shall know myself to be old indeed when I can no longer vibrate to the music of the latest poets of our race, and I have not yet found that I am unable to respond to their challenge. But I should make a vain pretence if I presumed to work upon their lines; I admire them in their advance, but I do not attempt to follow it. Any one who has the patience to turn over these pages will not need to be told that the voice is not of 1911 — it is of 1872, or of a still earlier date — since my technique was determined more than forty years ago, and what it was it has remained. I believe that a verse-writer learns his business suddenly, at the dawn of manhood, and that he continues in a state of metrical equilibrium till his skill as a craftsman falls from him. If I am a poet at all, I belong to the age of the Franco-German War, of the introduction of Japanese art into Europe, of the discoveries of Huxley and Haeckel, and of the Oxford lectures of Matthew Arnold. I smile at this list of names, as a buttercup might smile to find itself rooted on a battlefield; but such is the intellectual topography of these rhymes.

"My technique was determined more than forty years ago, and what it was it has remained. I believe that a verse-writer learns his business suddenly, at the dawn of manhood, and that he continues in a state of metrical equilibrium till his skill as a craftsman falls from him." Whatever may be decided about this as a general observation, and there is much to be said for it, it is, coming from Sir Edmund Gosse, a notable piece of self knowledge. His later work has never excelled in assurance some of the poems contained in the "Viol and Flute" volume of 1873, but there has been no necessity for it to do so. It is a mistake to apply the same methods of criticism to all poets alike. The processes of development that may form so large a part in the history of one poet may hardly occur to us in considering that of another. The men of chief stature, the Shakespeares, the Miltons, and the Wordsworths, may go on through half a lifetime widening at once the range of things observed and the faculties of observation, but there are hosts of lesser poets who have made an indispensable contribution to the great body of English poetry, who discover their range and their faculties alike quite early, and have yet been fortunate in keeping their poetic moods bright and fresh through a long term of years. Of such as these is Edmund Gosse, and in considering his poetry we gain little by attention to chronological sequences. While he has published little that is wholly without charm and nothing that is slipshod, there are a good many of his pages that we read with some pleasure, it may be, but not with a memorable pleasure. But the lucky page is as

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likely to occur in one moment of his career as another, and these lucky pages are never too far apart to discourage us.

The character that we observed in Sir Edmund Gosse's criticism discovers itself also, as would be expected, in his poetry. It is rarely, in the psychological sense, a difficult poetry and it rarely yields the rewards of such difficulty. On its technical side it is at once aware of the achievements of English and Continental, particularly French, poetry; it is in the best sense cultivated. Its diction is often what the present age refers to with some disparagement as poetical diction, but this on examination means no more than that it is the poetical diction of 1876 and not the poetical diction of 1926, and the choice of 1976 is as likely to lie with one as with the other. The preoccupation of Sir Edmund Gosse in his poetry, remembering again what has been said of his criticism, is rather with moods and personalities than with the philosophical interpretation of these. One of the functions of great poetry is to make us think, though, as the French critic observed, many poets in trying to be thoughtful themselves succeed only in making us sweat. But Sir Edmund Gosse neither aspires to do the one thing nor runs the risk of doing the other. Tender and sensitive as his poetry is, it is also urbane, and in reading him we are not in the wilderness with wrestling Jacob but in that ordered, but perhaps no less emotional, world of ballades and green fields which Sir Edmund Gosse and Austin Dobson are making for themselves at the Board of Trade, as they are discovered by their President, Joseph Chamberlain, in Max Beerbohm's cartoon.

To consider now the poetry itself in closer detail, or rather in its representative aspects. There are just a few of the poems that for myself I find definitely unsatisfactory, and I will mention these first and have done with it. "The Loss of the Eurydice" gives me the impression of having been written rather as a poetical exercise than with an emotion truly springing from the tragic event. This is not to impugn the poet's actual sincerity, but to say that for one reader at least the sincerity does not express itself through the poem. It often happens that a poet will be set off on a composition by some given occasion and that while he is working the significance of the occasion itself will be lost in the problems of composition; and this seems now and then to have happened to Sir Edmund Gosse, as in the Eurydice poem. Formally the loss of the ship is realized clearly enough, but emotionally I do not feel that it is. In "Renunciation" a philosophy of love is advanced which always seems to me to be suspect. It is just possible that some rhapsodic poet of the seventeenth century might convince us that he believes separation from the most beloved object of his desires to be the richest consummation of his love, but even he with the full power of his age's mysticism would have difficulty in persuading me. Without that force the argument seems to me to be not much more than fanciful dialectic, and I feel that I want to crossexamine the poet of "Renunciation", which is not the way that poetry ought to affect us. Very occasionally, as in "The School of Faith", Sir Edmund Gosse lapses into the commonplace, but after all there is probably no poet in literature of whom this may not be said. Triviality, not quite the same thing as the commonplace, we do not expect from a poet who has so taking a way of making the slightest themes distinguished, and, indeed, we hardly ever find it. Perhaps we do in "The Wounded Gull".

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We are apt to test a poet of Sir Edmund Gosse's character first of all by the quality of his best lyric moments. This is natural, for here we are likely to find his poetic nature most transparently displayed.

THE SUPPLIANT

Beneath the poplars o'er the sacred pool
The halcyons dart like rays of azure light, —
Fair presage! by the columns white and cool,
I'll watch till fall of night.

Perchance the goddess at the twilight's breath
Will come with silver feet and braidless hair,
And all too startled to decree my death,
Will hearken to my prayer.

So when at moonrise by the farm I go,
The lovely girl who near the fig-tree stands,
May turn no more on scornful feet and slow,
But hold out both her hands.

WITH A COPY OF HERRICK

Fresh with all airs of woodland brooks
And scent of showers,
Take to your haunt of holy books
This saint of flowers.

When meadows burn with budding May,
And heaven is blue,
Before his shrine our prayers we say, —
Saint Robin true.

Love crowned with thorns is on his staff, —
Thorns of sweet-briar;
His benediction is a laugh,
Birds are his choir.

His sacred robe of white and red
Unction distils;
He hath a nimbus round his head
Of daffodils.

These clearly have lyric style, so simple a thing in its appearance, so desperately hard to come by. We cannot imagine that the reader of any age would come upon such pieces as these and fail to note their mastery.

Whatever may be felt about "Renunciation", no one can question the delicate tenderness of such love poetry as "Sunshine before Sunrise"; and that Sir Edmund Gosse can touch even the lightest manner with genuine emotion may be seen in the following Song:

Chloë is false, but the fire in her eyes
Rouses her lovers with thousand sweet delusions;
Cælia is true, and, too true to be wise,
Breaks, like a dream, all their amorous illusions.

Lovers are weak, and they ask not to know
All that lies under the rose-leaves and the laughter;
Wisdom may call, but to pleasure they go,
Cælia they honour, but Chloë they run after.

With most of the English poets the moralist has always been near at hand, and, however much certain schools of criticism may deplore the fact, the moralist in attendance has enriched English poetry with a thousand lovely strains. Many of Sir Edmund Gosse's best poems are suffused with this meditative grace, as in "The Charcoal Burner", "Discipline", "On Certain Critics", "Epilogue", and nowhere more deeply than in

MELANCHOLY IN THE GARDEN

I

The winds that dash these August dahlias down,
And chase the streams of light across the grass,
This solemn watery air, like clouded glass,
This perfume on the terrace bare and brown,

Are like the soundless flush of full renown
That gathers with the gathering years that pass,
And weaves for happy, glorious life, alas!
Of sorrow and of solitude a crown.

I know not what this load is on my heart,
But down these alleys I have loved so long,
Filled from old years with retrospect and song,

I wander aimless, ready to depart,
Prepared to welcome, with no frightened start,
The spectral summons and the shrouded throng.

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II

"Nature hath spent at last her shining store,
And I have lived my day", the painter said,
Who felt the arrowy throe, the dizzied head,
And laid his palette down for evermore.

Well had he learned the melancholy lore
That trains the rose, without a murmur made,
To break the clusters of her royal red,
And strew her beauty on the windy shore.

Some warning, surely, must I read to-night,
In flower and tree, in flying light and cloud;
It is the voice of Death, not near, nor loud,

But whispering from some cypress out of sight,
That bids me hearken for the feathery flight,
And draw my robe across my shoulders bowed.

Sir Edmund Gosse has made several successful experiments in narrative, the most striking of all perhaps being "Firdausi in Exile". "A Ballad of the Upper Thames" is as good in a less serious vein, and "The Cruise of the Rover" is worthy of a place beside Sir Henry Newbolt's best work in the same manner, than which it could hardly have higher commendation.

As evidence, in spite of what has already been said, that there are times when Sir Edmund Gosse's poetry aims not only at presentation of a mood but also at interpretation, and achieves it, we may turn to "Revelation", "The Vanishing Boat" (too long to be given here, but perhaps the tenderest of all Sir Edmund's poems), and

THE SWAN]

The awakening swan grows tired at last
Of weltering pastures where he feeds
With wings and feet behind him cast,
He cleaves the labyrinth of the reeds.

He arches out his sparkling plumes,
He wades and plunges, till he finds
Beneath his breast the azure glooms
Where the great river brims and winds.

Then, with white sails set to the breeze,
The current cold about his feet,
He fares to those Hesperides
Where morning and his comrades meet.

Nor — since within his kindling veins
A livelier ichor stirs at last —
Regrets the gross and juicy stains,
The saps and savours of the past;

But through the august and solemn void
Of misty waters holds his way,
By some ecstatic thirst decoyed
Towards raptures of the radiant day.

So sails the soul, and cannot rest,
Inglorious, in the marsh of peace,
But leaves the good, to seek the best,
Though all its calms and comforts cease, —

Though what it seems to hold be lost,
Though that grow far which once was nigh, —
By torturing hope in anguish tossed,
The awakened soul must sail or die.

For many years past it has been one of Edmund Gosse's humors to profess himself an old man. He began to do this, as careful readers of his poems will find, early in his middle age. He was, in fact, an old man as a poet at nineteen, but from the time he was fifty five both he and his work have shown a strangely constant vigor. If it amuses him to talk of himself as a back number, none of his friends would wish to cross him in his little amiabilities. None of us believe him, and he very well knows that none of us believe him. But we join in the fun the more readily since it has on more than one occasion achieved a poetic expression as lovely as anything that Sir Edmund has written. "Rosemary" appeared in "The Autumn Garden", 1909, but for some unaccountable reason Sir Edmund Gosse did not include it in his "Collected Poems".

ROSEMARY

Green bud-stars spangle
The dead, black tree;
Bloom's in a tangle
On holt and lea:

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Now elm-boughs shade me,
  Now birds have sung,
O heart, persuade me
  I still am young!

Ah, no; heart, hush thee!
  Be wise, serene,
Lest snow-wreaths crush thee
  Ere Hallowe'en;
Though June be jolly,
  Though flowers be sweet,
'Tis naught but folly,
  And fond conceit.

Heart, thou hast finished
  With joys that fade;
Thy strength diminished,
  Thy light decayed!
The brain is an ember;
  The blood is cold —
O heart, remember
  We both are old!

And in conclusion, on the same theme but with another note we have

EPILOGUE

Before my tale of days is told,
  O may I watch, on reverent knees,
The Unknown Beauty once unfold
  The magic of her mysteries!

Before I die, O may I see,
  Clasp'd in her violet girdle, Spring;
May April breezes blow to me
  Songs that the youngest poets sing!

. . .

New arts, new raptures, new desires
  Will stir the new-born souls of men;
New fingers smite new-fashioned lyres, —
  And O! may I be listening then.

The centaur crashes thro' the wood,
  And shoots his arrow there and thus:
Shall I prefer my solitude
  Because his form be fabulous?

. . .

Change is the pulse of life on earth;
  The artist dies, but Art lives on;
New rhapsodies are ripe for birth
  When every rhapsodist seems gone.

. . .

I wait, till, down the eastern sky
  Muses, like Mænads in a throng,
Sweep my decayed traditions by,
  In startling tones of unknown song.

So, to my days' extremity,
  May I, in patience infinite,
Attend the beauty that must be,
  And, though it slay me, welcome it.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART VIII

The instalments of Mr. Burke's atmospheric novel which have been appearing in THE BOOKMAN *have necessarily been greatly shortened to meet space requirements; but it has been the attempt of the editors to retain as much as is possible of the quality of this unusual and distinctive piece of highly organized prose.*

AT half past seven, Connie Giltspur, in the upper back room of Mrs. Lurus's home in the Tenters, heard the door slam. During the months she had been with Mrs. Lurus, she had daily heard the door slam, and each slam had blown a message into her mind. Escape. Down the stairs, open the door, and run. But she could not accept the message. The chances were continual but the hazards were many. Her aunt had held her by positive domination. Mrs. Lurus held her by being Mrs. Lurus, the unknowable. Mrs. Lurus was watery and bleak and negative. Mrs. Lurus said nothing and probably meant nothing. She made no threats and effused no hint of power. She had an east wind face and a humid smile. You could have knocked her down with a feather. But, in no way fearful, she yet inspired fear. The fear of Nothing. You hear a noise at the door. In fear, you open the door. Nothing there. And your fear is doubled.

So it was with Connie. She could face Mrs. Lurus; she could not turn her back upon her. She had a feeling that behind her back the mild Mrs. Lurus would change into something with long griffin hands and gargoyle face. And whenever she thought of escape she thought of Mrs. Lurus behind her.

Often she had planned ways of escape; how to get out and which way to go and what to take with her. In project the thing had seemed easy; but when she brought herself to say Now's the Time, and her legs began to tingle with desire to go, there would come certain yellow memories of a loft at Islington, and a morsel of ice in her stomach froze her veins. She couldn't do it. But tonight, after many days of planning and renouncing, there had come to her in her Doubting Castle a sudden shaft of illumination. She was conscious of living in a world of stupid people smaller than herself. For years she had been narcotized by obedience and fear. Now she was awake, and something of the valiance of the gamin, which had been denied her a week ago, entered into her. She realized with a shock of disgust how her will had been drained. She realized that against both sense and reason she had come to like her aunt. She had come to accept those whippings. They were isolated outbursts which her aunt forgot until the next madness descended; and between them they lived in comradeship. Connie had been well fed and in a casual way well treated. She had found amusement in her aunt's flow of comic chatter, and had come to think of her as a stream of fun and friendliness against which the

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outbursts were mere occasional scum. In this moment of illumination it shocked her to think that she could see this gluttonous and lustful creature so. If she stayed longer under her shadow she would lose all sense of cleanliness; might even become like her. She would not stay. She would go that night, and cut all memory of the past. Already the walls of the house and the walls that her aunt had built around her were flat, and the world was in sight. All that she had to do was to go. Outside were the massed miles of London, celled with hiding places, and thought of those hiding places gave her spirit. She saw her aunt and Mrs. Lurus as shabby creatures. She wondered why she had ever been afraid of them, while conscious that at this very moment her heart was strung with little zones of terror.

But she could not hesitate. She had reached the point where she must either fight and live or surrender and die. She did not know this. Her inarticulate mind was not practised in self examination or self understanding. She knew only that she was going to get away from horrid things.

She looked through the window and scanned the narrow street, roupy with mist. So far as she could see it was empty. She crept across the room to the door, and stood at the head of the stairs, a small organism clothed in desperation. At fifteen her figure would have passed her as twelve. She was below the average height, and her Chinese face and frolic curls made the pleasing discord that marks childhood at tiptoe before its descent into womanhood. But tonight she was disheveled in body and clamant in mind. Her chest was a catherine wheel. Her throat was full of sparks. She had the demeanor of a drunkard — loose, heavy, and unstable. She looked down the twisting wooden stairs, and saw them stretching to infinity. She crept about the little landing, listening. All still. All dark. Mrs. Lurus was certainly out, but Connie filled the thronging darknesses with many shadows of her. Yet if she was to go she must go now, and she faced the first of her perils, the staircase.

As her foot met it, it burst into anger at her rebellion. It marked her two steps with a fusillade of fireworks, and every creak, she felt, was a shot that must have been heard in all corners of East Smithfield. The house heard them, and as she arrested her foot in midair, the house, too, cried out against her daring. The kitchen fire spluttered. A chair cracked. A tap dripped. A bit of loose wall paper fluttered. A cistern gurgled. And it was as if splutter and crack and drip and gurgle said — "You better go back. You better not come down here. If you do, we'll . . ." Her knees went to paste. It seemed that there was a scarlet spot at the back of her neck. Her hands went damp. But she must go on.

With a sharp intake of breath she dared the descent and all the fingers of fear that the house thrust at her. She reached the bottom. She stood still. She went on toes to the kitchen door. She peered in. In the shoal of dusk the kitchen fire made an orange square. It was the only living thing in the room, and she could not take her eyes from it. She had some business to do in that kitchen, but from each point of it she watched the fire. She knew this room and its appointments, and she went straight to a cupboard fixed in a recess at the side of the stove. She sent a tremulous arm into the cupboard's darkness and brought out a Coronation tea tin. As she lifted it, it gave a tiny rattle. She stood still,

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hugging it, until certain that the rattle had not summoned an army of neighbors. She bent before the fire and opened it. She knew this tea tin: she had seen Mrs. Lurus go to it before starting on her shopping. She tilted it. It poured into her hand a chain of coppers, three sixpences and two shillings. She fastened the lid and replaced the tin. She was not sorry for Mrs. Lurus's loss. She was not thinking of Mrs. Lurus. The woman represented nothing but a factor that might hinder her escape. She wrapped the money in her handkerchief, tied knots in the handkerchief, and stuffed it inside her frock. She tiptoed to the door, backward, turned in the doorway, and streaked down the passage.

She was on the mat by the front door, listening for footsteps. Her fingers were on the latch. The door was opening and one leg was thrust out. She was out. She pulled the door softly behind her, not daring to make the noise of closing it, and went crouching past other doorways and windows. As she came almost to the end of the street, a door that her hand was touching opened and a figure came out. The crouching posture spoke of guilt, and as she swung away, a voice said, "Hi! What you up to?" And then, "Where you going this timer night?" And, "Ain't you the kid with Mother Lurus? What you messing about our door for — eh? 'Ere — come 'ere!" A hand reached at her.

No heroics now; no plan; but sheer panic. She dodged. She ducked. As she ducked, the woman turned and crowded her. "'Ere — you come 'ere, me lady!" She dodged again, ducked, and fell. As she fell, she rolled over. She saw dimly the bulk of the woman swooping upon her; then, in the middle of the roll, she drew her left leg up and shot it straight and stiff at the woman's shin. The woman made a noise of a soughing wind; toppled forward; then fell. Right upon the kick Connie got up, and, without looking back, ran into Leman Street. She ran down its length, keeping to the wall; then, breathless, she stopped and listened. No sounds of disturbance; no hint of that foul sport, the hue and cry. Perhaps she had knocked the woman silly. Perhaps she had killed her. Couldn't be helped, anyway. She didn't mean to, and the woman shouldn't have interfered. Satisfied that there was no pursuit, she was aware of a delicious thrill. She had asserted herself. In knocking down that woman she had knocked down all the barriers that had enclosed her and bent her to Mrs. Greenspan's will. She knew vaguely, now, what rebels know clearly — that there is a joy in rebellion apart from its purpose. She stood against the wall some two or three minutes; then trotted on through Dock Street and Nightingale Lane into Lower Smithfield, and turned eastward.

By nine o'clock the wind had risen and the air had become crisp and clear. The moon was a yellow seal stuck on the sky. It fretted the streets with dead light and profound shadow, and through light and shadow Connie trotted. She went through gullies of welling light and through the slumbrous twilight of closes. Through high walled vistas of clotted darkness. Through dim corridors of homes that led insanely into duplicate corridors. Along coiling paths that achieved the ultimate insanity of ending in their own beginnings. She went past red blinds and blue blinds and white blinds, and past the naked stare of shop windows and the sightless walls of warehouses. She walked among an

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assembly of odors, which combined discordantly to make the street one mephitis. She smelt the piquancy of bread and coffee; the smart of tar; the reek of bilge; the miasma of fried fish and the barren bitterness of refuse. She walked on cobbles and on granite setts that returned the salute of her heels, and on carpets of coal dust that muted them. As she walked, the silence about her was rippled by the breath of the city. She was aware of voices crooning out of the ends of the world. Sirens and ship's bells and motor horns made their melancholy calls. There were the long open noises of river life; the suck of water against steps and staples; the wrangle of steam winches; the fugue of railway wagons. They came broad and clear over the great sweep of water. A voice from a barge set the night aching with an old song.

Once, as she walked, the figure of a shawled woman, worming across the shadow, sent her crouching for shelter. The moon above the dock wall made of the creature a Brocken Spectre. A giant Mrs. Greenspan. She shivered, and went on. She went through Wapping High Street and Wapping Wall, her legs moving to no direction save that of getting away. She went across the docks bridge and climbed to Shadwell High Street, and so to Broad Street and Narrow Street. She began to sing to herself.

She was free, and topping that knowledge came the knowledge that she had proved herself. She wasn't afraid. She had planned to get away and she had got away. She felt that she would never be afraid again, and looked back with contempt at that kid Connie who had given in to Mrs. Greenspan. She was free and on her own. She could do what she pleased — go down this street or that street — with no fear of penalty for staying out too long. She could sit down when she wanted to sit; get up when she chose. The very air here seemed different from the Islington air — a free, blowy air. For years she had been a prisoner. Now she had all London for a playground. She thought of a school song, which she had always hated: "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free . . ." She could sing it now. No more supple obedience to obscene whims. No more surrender to shame. No more lying awake with smarting body and burning heart. She belonged now to herself, accountable to no old woman.

From Narrow Street she came into Maroon Lane, and here she noted a new quality in the silence: a disturbance. What it was she did not know, but she had reached a quarter whose air was colored by alien thought forms. Not only were its people of distant blood and soil; the very complexion of their souls and their inward processes was of a hue to which the English eye is not adjusted. That is the whole "mystery" of the Asiatic quarter — that its mental shapes and hues are not our shapes and hues. So fully does it load the air that even this child was aware of discomfort. At the end of Narrow Street she stopped and looked up Maroon Lane, and saw, framed in a railway arch, the little Causeway of Chinatown, and her nose caught its spice. She saw a few dim lights and figures lounging in doorways, and square faces; and one figure treading down the road with a queer lift of the knees. Here was a corner, she thought, where she might find that hiding place, but she could not hide here. The something that held her staring while wanting to run was the something that hovers forever between the East and the West.

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At eleven o'clock she was sitting in an archway in the Isle of Dogs. She was hungry and tired, but she feared to start spending from her store of cash. It seemed that London was not so rich in hiding places as she had imagined, but this archway would afford her shelter until the morning. She had found it while mooching round Cubitt Town. In a street of long black wall she had noticed a break. In the entrance to the archway the moon dropped an oblong of light and filled the interior with a lavender mist. Anything within that lavender mist was obscured from all prying eyes, and there she sat, thinking. To her ears came steam whistles and muttering dynamos, and from far away chiming clocks dripped news of the hour. Before her was a sort of open country — a defiled country: a profanity of light and fire and bridges and factories, gas works, kilns, and chimneys. Lighted pavilions lined the horizon. Slag heaps glowed. Chimneys loomed out of blue clouds. Flares shot into the sky and gouts of smoke moved across the view. There were gusts of white steam, a spluttering of engines. The earth was heaving in torment, but of the moving spirit there was no sign or sound. Nothing human.

Watching this scene, her eyes grew heavy. She thought of Islington, and of "The Sun in Splendour" and its music, and of the dark boy, Christopher. The boy who had been her friend, and lately had passed her without seeing her, or with a nod. She wondered why. She wished she could hear that music again. She wished that Christopher would step into the lavender mist and sit down with her and talk about things. She wished that she could send him a letter, telling him that she had run away. She wished that she could have a letter from him: she would keep it forever. She wished that they could run away together; always be together, and have long walks and talks, hand in hand. She wished . . .

With a jerk she came back to Cubitt Town. Out of the dark came the sound of steps and voices.

"Yuh — quid he give me. 'Been saving up fer it?' I says. And he says that's all he ever gives. So I says to him, I says — "

Another voice chimed in. "Yes, but he's all right, Ivy."

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes." The voice had a note of acid. "Oh, yes. I dessay he is to them that never thinks or feels anything. Them with no spirit. But I ain't like that."

"Talking at me?"

"No, I wasn't. You wouldn't understand, anyway. . . . But these sailors is all the same. Once they get to be captains. Give one of 'em a ship, an'— Omigod, wassat?"

The owner of the voice jumped, and Connie moved. She came into the moonlight. "Sorry. I was just having a rest."

"Oh, snakes. Only a kid. Gimme quite a start, Fan. Didn't it you? What you doing out here this timer night, kid?"

"Having a rest. Been walking all day."

"Walking? What fer? Where's yer car? Where d'yeh live? Sitting about frightening people like that. Where d'yeh come from?"

"Oh, come on, Ivy. I wanta get home. I ain't used to these ship-meets."

"No, but . . . half a mo'. Lessave a look at the kid. Sitting about in corners like that. Asking fer trouble, ain't you? Gel of your age. What's yer game?" The sharp tone caught Connie, but instead of telling these

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women to mind their own business she could only make feeble answers.

"I wasn't doing any harm."

"Oh, wasn't you? Well, why ain't you at home? Where d'yeh live?"

"Don't live nowhere. I'm just walking."

"Walking? Walking, eh? Yerce and you'll finish up with walking if you ain't careful. How old are yeh?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen, eh? Dangerous age. But she don't look no more'n twelve. Do she, Fan? But you can't stick about here, y'know. You'll get pinched. Or something worse."

"Oh, come on, Ivy, I'm tired."

"No, but . . ." Ivy was in the chatty vein. "This is funny. 'I'm just walking.' Here — come to this lamp post, kid. Lessave a proper look at yeh."

For a second she hesitated. She felt that real runaways would not allow people to treat them like this. But they seemed all right, these two, though she could not see their faces. Not harsh or nasty, but matey-like. She followed them to the lamp post and saw them clearly. They seemed to be rich. They wore fur coats to their knees and little fur hats and long shiny boots. They had bright cheeks and lips and yellow hair. There was a ladylike smell of scent about them. The taller of the two put a hand to her chin and turned it up. She did not shrink.

"Pore kid looks half asleep. Where d'yeh come from, Carrots? Nice hair she's got, ain't she?"

"Er — Brighton."

"Brighton — eh? Long way from here. Try again. What you doing out here anyway?"

"Looking fer work."

"Work — eh? This time o' night. What sorter work? Deck hand — stoker — night watchman — or what?"

"I was — was going to wait till it was light and — and — try to get a j-job in a shop."

"Well, don't cry about it. I ain't going t'eat yeh. What's yeh name?"

"Connie."

"Connie what?"

"Connie Giltspur." Idiot! Why had she given her right name?

The tall one cackled. "Oo-er. Connie Giltspur. Sounds's though you ought to be in the chorus having supper with the manager. What do yer people know about this?"

"I ain't got none."

"Nobody?"

She shook her head.

"Pore little bastard. The orphan geeurl in the snow. Alone in Cubitt Town six nights and two matinées. How'd yeh like to have a sitdown and a cup o' tea — eh?"

She gave them another look. They seemed innocent of desire to rend her. "I think I'd like it."

"Then come on, Miss Giltspur. You did say Giltspur, didn't you? Clever of you to think of a name like that on the hop."

The other spoke. "Look here, Ivy, chuck it. We don't want to be bothered by a kid. Let her alone."

"Let her alone? Me? Me sense of duty to the young wouldn't let me. Leave a kid like this out here. Have a heart, Fan."

"You dunno who she is or what she's been up to."

"And don't care, neither. I was a one like her when I was her age. Red haired girls don't care — do they, Connie?"

Connie walked between them, and was led back to the mainland and to main streets. "Come on, kid. If we're quick, we'll get the last bus. If not, Gawdelpus."

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Connie laughed. "What you laughing at, kid?" Ivy punched her back. "Nothing, I suppose? That's the spirit! That's the red hair coming out. You are An One!"

Fan turned and snorted. "Shut up, Ivy. You *are* a fool."

"I know. Can't help it. All worked up. You'll hear the cork fly out in a minute. Come on, Carrots. See if you can run's fast as yer auntie!"

With trots and darts and doubles they reached the Eastern Hotel at the junction of East India and West India Dock Roads. Ivy saw a bus and screamed at it. She and Connie mounted it, followed by a sulky Fan. They collapsed into seats on the top. Ivy produced a purse. Connie said, "I got some money." Ivy said, "Speak when yer spoken to . . . If you was born with a silver spoon in yer mouth, suck it. . . . What's the matter with our driver? Got a pain in his carburetor? Worked with an undertaker before he got a license, I reckon . . . . 'Ere y'are, kid. Hop off — quick."

They got off, and Ivy shouted them to another bus. They rode two miles through the leisurely moonlight in which Ivy's voice was a riot. At the end of the two miles she hustled them off, and they walked through a long lonely road shining with tram rails and lamplight. At its end Ivy turned down a sloping lane, pulling Connie along by the shoulder. At the bottom of the lane they turned into a courtyard and stopped at one of its cottages. Observing this courtyard Connie corrected her first impression of wealth. Apparently they were poor. She was led into a dark passage and up a dark narrow staircase.

"Ssshh! Don' make a noise. Wait till I get a light."

A match spluttered. Ivy opened a door and appeared on the landing with a candle. "Come in, kid."

She went into a tiny bedroom. The bed was turned back as it had been left. The washstand was littered with little bottles and jars. There was a chest of drawers and a box ottoman. A copy of the London "Mail" lay on the bed. On the floor, by the fireplace, was a whisky bottle, half full, and a dirty cup. On one wall was a colored print of the Crucifixion. The room held a strong smell of the scent that she had noted in their clothes. Out in the street they had puzzled her. They were dressed like ladies, but she knew from their talk that they were not ladies. There was something about them . . . Then she knew. They were — they belonged to Them. One of Them. Girls at school had whispered and chuckled things about Them. But if these were Them, Them weren't as monstrous as the school playground had hinted. Perhaps it was wrong to like them, but she did like them. Anyway, they seemed all right, and she couldn't pick and choose.

Ivy held the candle over her. "Looks a nice kid, don't she? 'Strewth, gel, what yeh been doing to yerself? Look at her hands. And her clothes. What the —"

"I been sitting down in the archway. I couldn't find no place to wash."

"Sitting down in the archway — eh? Look as though you been sitting down in the — Here — there's a basin. And there's a brush and comb. Put yerself straight 'fore yeh talk to ladies."

Under their eyes she washed face and hands, combed her hair, and brushed her clothes. The other girl, Fan, lit a spirit lamp, and put a saucepan on it. Ivy brought from a cupboard three cups and a teapot with a broken spout. "Drop o' something in it, Fan?"

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"No. Had enough with old Howjado. Fair pours it down, he does. Hate the taste of it."

When she was clean, Ivy called her. "Come here, kid. . . . That's better. Listen — whenever you're in trouble, always try to keep yerself spick and span. 'Cos when you're in trouble yer self respeck begins to go, and it goes quicker if yeh don't take an interest in yerself and keep yerself washed and trimmed up. See? Ah — now — now yeh look like God's little Sunday School prize. Look like it . . . not quite sure whether you are, though. Bet you're a bit of a devil when yeh like, eh? You innocent looking faces and red hair. *I* know yeh. You ain't no Connie Giltspur." She poked Connie in the chest. Connie giggled and allowed the implication of devilry to pass. "Sit down, kid. Here." Connie sat down on the box ottoman. Ivy looked down at her. Fan, listless, poured the tea, and handed it. Connie gulped a mouthful. Things were turning out well. These women weren't like Mrs. Greenspan or Mrs. Lurus, and they weren't like the kind but rather stiff "Sun in Splendour" people. They were on her own level, and their company gave the adventure of escape an added salt. Fan offered her biscuits. She gulped tea and munched biscuits — and biscuits. She couldn't believe that she had only met them an hour ago. It seemed that she had always known them.

"Christ! Girl seems half starved. When d'y' eat last, Carrots?"

"'Smorning."

"Pore little devil. Go on — peg into 'em. Where yeh going t'look fer work t'morrer? What can yeh do?"

"Nothing much. I know a bit about dressmaking. 'N I can sew. 'N I can cook a bit. 'N do housework."

"'M. What else can yeh do?"

"Nothing else."

" 'M. You got about as bright a chance as the old celluloid dog."

Fan, outside the arc of the candle, had been inspecting her. She spoke. "Look here, Ivy, she's putting it across yeh. If you arst me, she's run away. She's wanted fer something."

Ivy crowed at her friend. "Oh . . . Oh . . . Think I go about like a hooded van? She ain't put nothing across me yet. And I *ain't* arst yeh. *I'm* doing the talking. The kid's in a fair mess. And she don't even know the beginning of telling the tale. Do yeh, Carrots? Come on, now. Let's have it. Ain't afraid of me, are yeh?"

"No."

"Little liar. You are. I can see it in yer eyes. But you needn't be. I don't care where you come from. Or what you done. I like yeh." She put an arm round her. "Now, then, kid. Look at me. Don't blink. Look straight. How much did yer pinch?"

"Didn't pinch nothing."

"Er — now — you said on the bus you'd got some money. How'd you get it — dressmaking? Look straight at me."

"No."

"Pinched it?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Look here, Ivy, don't muck about. She better go. Let her get out. We don't wanta get into trouble. If anybody's after her we'll get mixed up in it. And we can't afford to get mixed up in nothing."

Connie shuffled and got up. "All right. I'll go now. Thank you for the tea and the —"

"Half a mo', Carrots. Half a mo'. We'll have the truth first. . . . And what's the matter with yer hands?"

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She looked down at her hands. They were shaking and wouldn't keep still.

"Let her go, Ivy. We don't wanta be mixed up in it. There'll be inquiries and whatnot if she's been pinching. Be rights we oughta hand her over, on'y just now we better not —"

"You stop here, Miss Giltspur. You needn't be afraid. I shan't split."

"No, but Ivy — suppose they find her and we —"

"Oh, go to hell. . . .

"Look here, Connie, you stay here tonight, now you're here. And we'll see about you in the morning. You can have a liedown on the ottoman here."

Fan said, "There's more room in my room."

"Oh? Is there? Well, I saw her first. See? Thought you wanted to get rid of her."

"I was thinking of her and — "

"Oh, was you? She'll be safer with me'n with you."

Fan made a dramatic gesture. "Oh, suffering cats!" She went out with a dark smirk of understanding. Ivy answered the smirk, coarsely, to the closed door. Then, with a swerve of manner, she turned to Connie.

"Come here, duckie. Sit here. . . . What? Don't look as if I was going to eat you. You heard what I said. Come and sit here." As Connie approached her Ivy grabbed her. She patted and soothed her as though she were five years old. "Say you're fifteen? You cert'ny don't look more'n eleven or twelve." She hugged her. "Y'know, kiddie, I ain't cuddled anybody I wanted to cuddle not for years and years. I just wanted to cuddle you — you looked as if you wanted it." Connie looked up at her nurse. She felt that the situation was ridiculous and yet it was pleasant. Ivy was quieter now that Fan had gone, and Connie felt that she could talk freely to her, and that the truth would carry no penalties. Ivy smiled when she looked down at her, and when Connie smiled back, Ivy acknowledged it with a hug. After the untidy grey wisps of Mrs. Greenspan, Ivy's hair looked lovely. Not really lovely, because Ivy was One of Them; but just now that didn't matter. Sitting there in that tiny room with the thin flame of the candle upon Ivy's large worldly face and the feel of Ivy's arms about her waist, Connie felt that here was something that she had always wanted without knowing. It was like the music she had heard at "The Sun in Splendour".

"Now then, Carrots. Tell me all about it. Every bit. Just what you did and why you did it. And the truth, mind."

"I wouldn't mind telling you anything."

She told her, from the Islington loft and the stolen visits to "The Sun in Splendour" and Christopher, to Mrs. Lurus and the escape. "Oh, you pore little bastard!"

When she awoke next morning, her ear ready for the dispirited noises of the Tenters, she heard instead the rumble of buses and tramcars. She fumbled for a moment with sleep; listened; then opened her eyes and remembered last night and Ivy. She was in the world. She was free. She got up from the ottoman and looked round the blind. She saw a narrow cobbled alley of workmen's cottages fronted by great warehouses. The doors of the cottages were flush with the pavement. Women were working at them with pail and flannel in harassed and ineffectual battle against

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dirt. Across the alley were stretched lines of wet washing — fly papers for floating smuts. Heavy men and lads, stained and raddled by toil, were going to or coming from work. Connie heard the bright call of streets and people and chuckled. The chuckle was louder than she thought, and there was a noise from the bed. She turned. Ivy was sitting up and stretching her arms. "Eh? Oh? . . . Oh, hullo, Carrots. Wondered who you was for the minute. Sleep all right?"

"Yes thanks, Ivy."

Ivy's voice was thick. Her face which last night had the high color of a tulip was this morning tinged with ashes. Her hair was tangled and lifeless. She smiled back to Connie's smile, but the smile seemed to hurt her, and the face went blank again and she closed her eyes. "'N you make tea, kid?" She spoke listlessly. All the effervescence of last night was stilled. "There's the lamp. There's some methylated in a bottle under the washstand. Pour some into it through the li'l hole in the side. It unscrews. There's the kettle. There's some water in the jug. Now light it. There's the matches. Mind yeh don't set yerself afire. The tea's in the drawer, there. In blue paper. And there's a tin o' milk in the cupboard."

"This one, Ivy? On the top shelf?"

The languid voice snapped. "Oh, don't worry. It's up there. Use yer eyes and find it. You'll find some bren-butter there, too. 'N I think there's a tin o' bloater paste. Cut yerself some."

"How many slices shall I cut?"

"Oh, jest what you want. I shan't want none. In that drawer there — the second one — there's a packet o' fags. Chuck 'em over. And the matches."

"Shall I get out three cups? Will the other lady —"

"No. She won't be awake yet. Sleeps like an ole navvy, she does."

Connie set out the cups and the bread and butter and the bloater paste. She did it with some excitement. For years it had been her daily job, but these surroundings gave lustre to the job.

"Wait till it boils, kid. Three spoonfuls. That's it. I see you know yer business. That bottle down by the fender — I'll have a drop o' that in mine. Feel all wonky 'smorning. Just a dash. That's the style. You'd make a fine lady's maid. If I had money I'd give you a job. Well . . . here's doing us a bit of good!" She drank noisily. Connie grinned and waggled her feet, expressing freedom. Ivy snapped. "Keep yer feet, still, fidgety. Get on my nerves."

After the tea, Ivy began her return to this world. She tumbled out of bed and began to dress. Her dressing was a business. It was a daily tempest and tumult. After three quarters of an hour she was ready, and sat down again to recover. She was limp and breathless. She lit another cigarette, examined her hands, and looked about the room. In half an hour she achieved some travesty of calm.

She opened a drawer and took a purse from it. She counted the coins. "Oh, lordie! That all? Won't be much left after the rent."

Connie had been watching the Odyssey of the toilet with desire to help or soothe, but had hesitated about the right approach. She saw a chance here to please Ivy and help her. "I got some money, Ivy. About three shillings. If you want it, you have it."

For an instant nothing happened. Then Connie had a shock. Ivy sat bolt upright. She turned to Connie.

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Her face had gone hard. Her eyes were sparking. Connie wondered what dreadful thing she had said to cause this.

"*What?*" said Ivy.

"I on'y said I got three shillings. 'Nif you want it, you have it."

She turned on Connie with wide eyes and a gesture of hopeless exasperation. For some seconds she stared. Then she said, "D'you want a swipe round the jaw?"

"Eh? No. I — I — on'y —"

"Well, you mind yer own business, Miss. See? Else I'll give yeh one."

"I din't know. . . . I on'y thought you bin good to me and —"

"*Shuttup*, yeh fool! First the mornin's enough to give one the fantods. Then the room turns round and flies at yeh. And then a little snipe starts insulting yeh." She shot a long neck forward and mimicked Connie's voice. "Think I want yeh *money* — yeh little *fool!*"

"No, but . . . You said there wasn't much. And I'd like. . ."

Ivy stamped her foot. "Wasn't talking to you. Talking to meself. Nosey! Put yer money *away*. Did I tell yeh there'd be anything to pay? Eh? Doncherknow manners? Offering money to people who do things for yeh. It's insulting. I took a fancy t'elp yeh. That's all. If yeh like to take my help, take it. If not, get out. See?"

Connie was crushed and stung. Her face went hot. She turned away to the window. Ivy looked at her in irritation, and made a noise of "Tch!" Then, with a sudden bounce from mood to mood, she laughed. "Oh, come here, you little fool." She pulled her to the ottoman, and held her before her with eyes that changed from vexation to grin. "You make me wild, y'know. And yet . . . I dunno. I like yeh. . . . Now we gotta think what to do with yeh. I fancy there's a friend of mine might do something for yeh. Yer voice ain't bad and yer figure's good. I'll go and see about it when I feel a bit better. Best not go out today, case anybody's snooping about for yeh. There's two or three nice books there — London 'Mail' and 'Peg's Paper'. You can amuse yerself with them. If things come out right, I can see me and you having some high old times. Life is just what you make it, kid, and you and me together . . . I'd just like to look after you." There was a yearn in the voice, almost imperceptible. "It's just the sort of job I'd like. Me and you, kid — eh?" She dug Connie in the ribs, but the gesture was not facetious. It was a clumsy attempt at something that the woman had not performed for many years; something that she had almost forgotten but which still moved within her. It was as clumsy as David Scollard's playing of the cello.

And when Connie, bewildered by her night and day of adventure and encounter, timidly patted Ivy's hand, Ivy shook it off and bewildered her again with, "Don't be soapy!"

(To be continued.)

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DUBLIN IN LITERATURE

By Padraic Colum

With an Etching by Estella F. Solomons

I REMEMBER a witty Dublin man, Tom Kettle, once saying to me: "Ireland is a country that has no east; we hear of the glamourous west, the practical north, the alluring south, but no one has ever told us anything about the east." Dublin is in the east; Dublin and the counties up and down from it were not being written about then. Tom Kettle's remarks must have been made about 1910. Soon after that date testaments about Dublin began to appear — George Moore's, James Joyce's, James Stephens's, Sean O'Casey's.

Anything that draws us to a re-perusal of George Moore's "Hail and Farewell" is to our betterment: it is a work that is vastly entertaining; it is in a species to itself; it reveals to us, moreover, possibilities in writing: it is one of the few works of our time of which the reading forms a real experience for a writer. In short, it is a masterpiece. The urge to re-peruse it comes to us through the new edition that Messrs. Appleton have brought out — a two volume edition, which makes for a more logical division of the story than did the three volume edition we have had heretofore, and which is handier and handsomer besides.

It was George Moore's good angel that sent him back to Ireland in the early nineteen hundreds. He got a succession of books out of his return, the chief of them all being "Hail and Farewell", a book to put beside his other masterpiece, "Esther Waters". At the moment neither London nor Paris could have given him any more: he had fully exploited the naturalistic novel in "Esther Waters" and "A Mummer's Wife"; he could have gone on elaborating his "Confessions" (he did), but only at the risk of becoming garrulous. His return to Ireland gave him a chance of exercising the two faculties he had developed and of exercising them in a new way and on new material — the faculty for detached observation which he had been trained in through the writing of the naturalistic novel, and the faculty for self portraiture which he had developed in his memoir writing. His return, as I have said, permitted his using these two faculties in a new way and on new material. It did more than this: it restored to him a style that, although not hitherto used by him, was native to him — the vocal sentence which Irish people take to naturally:

> A town wandering between mountain and sea, I said as I stood before my glass shaving, forgetful of Edward, for below me was Stephen's Green, and it took me back to the beginning of my childhood, to one day when I stole away, and inspired by an uncontrollable desire to break the monotony of infancy, stripped myself of my clothes, and ran naked in front of my nurse or governess, screaming with delight at the embarrassment I was causing her. She could not take me home along the streets, and I had thrown my clothes out of reach into a hawthorn — cap and jacket, shirt and trousers. Since those days the Green had been turned into an ornamental park by a neighbour of mine in Mayo, and given to the public; and telling the hall-porter that if Mr. Yeats called he would find me in the Green, I went out thinking how little the soul of man

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changes. It declares itself in the beginning, and remains with us to the end.

"Hail and Farewell" is speech written down and it is an Irishman's speech. Later on, in "The Brook Kerith" and in "Heloise and Abelard" he overdoes this speech, and, by keeping it on one tone, he makes his writing monotonous. But in "Hail and Farewell" it helps to give the effect of a flowing narrative. Yes, it was fortunate for George Moore that he returned to Ireland, and it was fortunate that he returned just at the time he did. In the space between the downfall of Parnell and the rise of the Irish Volunteers the intellectuals had the whole stage in Ireland — I use the word "intellectuals" in its best sense — and they had formed a coterie in which everybody knew everybody else's foibles and oddities but which, at the same time, was made homogeneous by an enthusiasm and by the sense of possessing an unacknowledged national leadership. George Moore could not deal with men of action, but he could deal with men of ideas, and especially with men such as these men were, all with a touch of fantasy in their personalities or ideas. Many of these men are still in Dublin, but the coterie has been broken up, and the ideas have been limited and made staid by the practical demands which a new state has had to make upon its influential men. And then during George Moore's sojourn there were in Dublin survivors from an earlier epoch, men whose presences enriched the coterie. They are now all gone, alas! For instance, there was O'Neill Russell. See Volume One, page 421, of the new "Hail and Farewell" for a brief but memorable description of that "great old cock".

As I have already remarked, George Moore brought to the delineation of this society just the fitting faculties — a training in detached observation, a faculty for self portraiture. It was his theory that given a good model and the ability to copy the model, anyone who was a writer at all could get down a work of literature. Poets, as he has often told them, do not use their eyes to advantage. "Your best poems have come to you through your eyes", he told Yeats. George Moore knows how to use his eyes — there is no doubting that; he saw certain things as clearly and as firmly as any man ever saw them before; his training as a painter, no doubt, helped him to this accomplishment. And with the eyes there went a pair of ears that were just as good. He saw and he heard. His aural and his visual memory were clear. His recall of what has been said to him or said in his hearing is astonishing: the characteristic words, the shape of the sentence, the tone of the voice, to one who has known the speaker, come clear out of George Moore's pages.

But if "Hail and Farewell" were simply a record, a report, no matter how unmatchable, it would not have the entertainment, the refreshment, that it has for us. The record, the report, are there, but the work lives as a piece of storytelling. The story is about George Moore. And the author has been able to project a consistent character in the George Moore of the book — a candid, detached, whimsical, sensible, credulous, and penetrating person. And, oddly enough, an engaging person — that is, if we are not too deeply involved in what he confesses of other people's faults and foibles. If it happens that we are, then for us what Mr. Freeman has to say about one of the chapters in "Hail and Farewell", and of the mood that that chapter illustrates, is all too mild — "the perfect detachment which our author succeeded in culti-

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Etching by Estella F. Solomons of a part of Dublin that comes vividly into literature in Sean O'Casey's plays

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vating until he became all eyes for others' humours and weaknesses, all ears to every echo, and all ice to every little naked imp of pity".

This is the place, I think, to set down what, to my mind, is the weakness of "Hail and Farewell" as a piece of storytelling. There is a breakdown in the narrative, and the breakdown is made evident in the new edition which divides the story into two equal parts. Part One tells the story of George Moore's coming to Ireland. Part Two tells the story of his leaving Ireland and his return to England. But Part Two is not so entertaining as Part One; it seems to be diffuse and disjointed. And the reason, as it seems to me, that this is so, is because the issue on which his return depends is not a human issue, but purely a mental one.

It comes over George Moore suddenly that Catholics have produced no literature since the hardening of dogma brought about by the Catholic Reaction. But Ireland is a Catholic country. Therefore Ireland can produce no literature. As a protest against that state of affairs George Moore decides to rise up and leave the country. This is the theme of the second volume, and I submit that it is not enough to carry a narrative of nearly five hundred pages. I am not now discussing whether the author of "Hail and Farewell" is right or wrong in his judgment about the production of literature in modern Catholic countries; he makes the production or non-production of literature in Catholic countries a theme for a long narrative, and this theme, to my mind, is not good enough because it is not human enough.

The first part of the narrative goes with a human theme — memories evoked by references to one's native country, the influences of such a pair as Edward Martyn and W. B. Yeats, curiosity, the momentary dedication to a cause — the theme is so human, so immediate, that episodes like the journey to Bayreuth, really external to it, are drawn into the narrative. In the second part there is not current enough, and so the external episodes remain external, and we get the effect of a narrative disjointed to some extent, and somewhat diffuse.

But if as a story "Hail and Farewell" breaks down in the second part, there is no break in the first; there is nothing in that five hundred — or nearly five hundred — pages but entertaining and subtilely humorous narrative. And the second part, apart from the pages of theological argument, is full of delightful episodes. One turns again and again to pages in both volumes that are delightful for their humor, wonderful for their insight, or that have claim to be thought upon because of the quality that is in their writing. There is that passage in which he tells how he saw Ireland from the boat on the day of his landing:

> But I do remember myself on deck watching the hills now well above the horizon, asking myself again if Ireland were going to appear to me small as a pig's back or a land of extraordinary enchantment? It was the hills themselves that reminded me of the legend: — on the left, rough and uncomely as a drove of pigs running down a lane, with one tall hill very like the peasant whom I used to see in childhood, an old man that wore a tall hat, knee-breeches, worsted stockings, and brogues. Like a pig's back Ireland has appeared to me, I said; but soon after on my right a lovely hill came into view, shapen like a piece of sculpture, and I said: Perhaps I am going to see Ireland as an enchanted isle after all.

Here actuality is rendered in words and images that seem as if they had been discovered to express just that reality. There are hundreds of passages in "Hail and Farewell" that have such quality. And when I want

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to think of a piece of subtile comedy I recall an episode in the second part. It occurred when George Moore was striving to find confirmation for his conviction that Catholics cannot produce literature. How about literature in Germany? He decided to invite Kuno Meyer to his house and talk it over with him:

> Meyer smiled at my enthusiasm through his long moustache, and told me he had spent the morning in Trinity College library and had come upon —
>
> Another Nature Poem?
>
> No, but a very curious religious poem. My face clouded. I think it will interest you. It throws a light on the life of those times, for the author, a monk, tells us that he left his monastery, which had become noisy, as he required perfect quiet for the composition of his poem, "God's Grandfather".
>
> Whose grandfather?
>
> "God's Grandfather"; that is the title of the poem.
>
> I never knew God had a grandfather.
>
> Mary had a mother; the Biblical narrative is silent regarding her parentage. . . .

One can see George Moore in that scene, his china blue eyes becoming more prominent as he exclaims, "I never knew God had a grandfather!"

In "Ulysses", James Joyce writes about Dublin as one might write about a beleaguered city that one had grown up in, having seen the people and the place and having felt the public happenings with the distinctness with which one sees and feels things as one walks up and down upon guard. Perhaps it is because he has looked upon places and people and felt public happenings — the repudiation and the death of Parnell for instance — as though under the control of some physically concentrating force, that the people he writes about — and they are mainly people who have walked the Dublin streets — have the dimensions of beings in a mythology or a section of folklore. And the places he describes and the public happenings that he dwells upon seem also to be out of a mythology, out of a folklore. Folk stories are differentiated from literature by the fact that they are not about private happenings, but about things and characters that a community knows about and has an abiding interest in. In "Ulysses" James Joyce gets the effect of folklore by taking it for granted that there is a whole community that already knows and is deeply interested in things and people that he writes about. And one feels that something of physical concentration — as if it were the beleaguerment of a city he had grown up in — has made him see things and people and places, and made him feel public happenings, as if they were historical, as if they would be talked about, as if a whole community were interested in them. In his early youth he had a way of escape from that concentrating influence: it was through the lyrics he then wrote, lyrics that had nothing of Dublin or Ireland in them, that were purely Elizabethan.

"Dubliners" followed the publication of this single book of verse, "Chamber Music". It was succeeded by the novel "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", after which came the play "Exiles", and then the epical satire "Ulysses". "Dubliners" is related to all of them. The first three stories in the collection are obviously out of personal memory, they might be incidents that were pared away from "Portrait of the Artist"; and the boy in "Araby" who, walking through flaring streets, jostled by drunken men and bargaining women, thought of himself as bearing "my chalice safely through a throng of foes", is surely the Stephen Dedalus of the novel. Gabriel Conroy of the last story, "The Dead", in his personality and in the

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way he makes a problem of his wife's alienation from him, is an understudy for the hero of "Exiles". The rest of the stories are distinctly related to "Ulysses". Many of the characters who figure in "Ulysses" have their first appearance in "Dubliners" — Martin Cunningham, "Hoppy" Holohan, Linehan, Mr. O'Madden Burke. It is not surprising that "Dubliners" should have this relation to "Ulysses" — Mr. Bloom's day was originally planned for a story in the collection.

The young man who wrote these stories was very learned, very experienced. He had just left the university — not Dublin University which is Protestant and has affinities with Oxford and Harvard, but University College which has affinities with Catholic universities in Europe like Louvain. He had been for a while in Paris, but at the time he was writing "Dubliners" he did little more than frequent the National Library and walk the streets of Dublin. He was poor. He knew Dubliners very well on two characteristic sides: he knew them on their bar-haunting side and he knew them on their political side; he knew them, too, on a side that was not characteristic: on the musical side. His father was a well known Dublin personage whose sociability gave a basis for Joyce's wide and miscellaneous acquaintanceship with Dubliners. Mr. Joyce, senior, had been in affairs during the Parnell epoch; Joyce, as a boy, was enveloped in the anger and grief that came upon so much of Ireland through the desertion of Parnell and his death. At the age of nine he gave his first writing to the world: it was a piece of political invective, "Et Tu, Healy!" and was directed against a prominent politician who had turned against Parnell. Old friends of Joyce's father declare that this was James Joyce's finest literary work, and they deplore his subsequent decadence.

"Ivy Day in the Committee Room" is characteristic of one of the strains in "Dubliners". Certain men meet more or less casually, they talk more or less absurdly, and one of them is prevailed upon to recite a poem that he wrote some years before, "The Death of Parnell, 6th. October 1891". It is an amateurish and conventional piece of rhetoric, and yet, amazingly enough, a passion of grief and loyalty breaks through the slouching verses. A few words are said to the maker of the poem, a gesture is made, and the story ends. We get a feeling of the author's complete detachment. But it is borne in on us too that the whole happening has been understood and has been completely integrated for us. How Joyce must have entered into Hynes's mind before he could recreate the verses that have just the exact heat, just the exact flourishes, that a passionate and semiliterate man would get writing according to the literary convention which he knew. " 'What do you think of that, Crofton?' cried Mr. Henchy. 'Isn't that fine? What?' Mr. Crofton said it was a very fine piece of writing." And that line ends the story. Had Joyce given Mr. Crofton's words, his barest words of appreciation, he would have wronged that gentleman's fine reserve. For Mr. Crofton, the former canvasser for the Conservative faction, must have felt that there was a taint of treason in the poem he had listened to. Still, he was a man of the world, and it would not have been becoming in him to be anything but tolerant on the occasion. "Mr. Crofton said it was a very fine piece of writing." His aloofness can be felt.

In the stories of which "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" is the type,

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Joyce is letting us look upon a happening through his eyes. Hence the feeling of detachment, of coolness, that is in these stories. It seems as if he had decided to illustrate the life of Dublin through a series of reports, taking certain incidents and being as clear and as unconcerned about them as a scientific historian might be. "The Dead", however, is not written in that way, and the first three stories, "The Sisters", "An Encounter", and "Araby", are, as I have suggested, personal reminiscences. All the other stories have something of the detachment of reports. The book is about people who live in terraces, who face the world with a certain gentility, and who are very lonely souls. And nearly all of them, articulate and inarticulate, have been stirred by a look they have taken into the darkness. The book closes with "The Dead", but the dead are in the first story, for the boy of "The Sisters" has been confronted with the death of his neighbor, the old priest who, as he lies dead, becomes to the childish mind a living enigma. Eveline, in another story, is haunted by the memory of her dead mother. The omen that is concealed from Maria in "The Clay" is an omen of death. In "A Painful Case" the news of the death of a woman he had rejected comes to trouble the loneliness of a man. In "Ivy Day in the Committee Room" the story shapes itself around a dead man, Parnell. In "The Dead" a man he had never known and might never have heard of, recalled from the dead by a song, makes a husband realize that there is a portion of his wife's life in which he has no part. The stories that give color to "Dubliners" have all to do with death. The words that close the last story in the book have music as of a requiem:

> A few light taps upon the pane made him turn to the window. It had begun to snow again. He watched sleepily the flakes, silver and dark, falling obliquely against the lamplight. The time had come for him to set out on his journey westward. Yes, the newspapers were right: snow was general all over Ireland. It was falling on every part of the dark central plain, on the treeless hills, falling softly upon the Bog of Allen and, further westward, softly falling into the dark mutinous Shannon waves. It was falling, too, upon every part of the lonely churchyard on the hill where Michael Furey lay buried. It lay thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones, on the spears of the little gate, on the barren thorns. His soul swooned slowly as he heard the snow falling faintly through the universe and faintly falling, like the descent of their last end, upon all the living and the dead.

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

UDAIPUR. By some slight error in the original introduction which made us guests in the various capitals of Rajputana, I found myself credited, during several weeks of my tour, with the title of Professor. It was in vain that I tried to disabuse Guest Officers and Secretaries of State. I was not a professor; there were others of the same name. . . . And so on. My denials were put down to an excessive modesty. Professor I remained to the last. In the end I thought it best to accept the title which had been thrust upon me. My Indian hosts preferred me to be a professor; I felt that I could not disoblige them. Among the Indians of the older generation and in the more old fashioned parts of the country there is a great respect for learning as such. The scholar is more highly esteemed than the artist. As a professor I found that I cut much more ice than as a mere writer of fiction.

The position was the same in Europe, three hundred years ago. To their contemporaries, Salmasius seemed a far greater man than Milton. At the time when they came into controversy Milton was a mere minor poet, the author of a few vernacular pieces, such as "Lycidas" and "Comus", and — more important in the eyes of the discerning seventeenth century public — of a number of elegant Latin verses. Salmasius, on the other hand, was the most learned man of his age. His commentary of Orosius was a vast mountain of mixed rubbish raked out of the recesses of innumerable libraries. He had read ten times as many books as any other man of his age; he was therefore ten times as great. Whether he had profited by his reading nobody inquired. Indeed, in an age respectful of authority, it matters not whether a man profits by his reading or remains throughout his life a learned ass. What is important in such an age is the learning as such. In an age of authority originality is not valued so highly as the capacity to repeat, parrot-like, the sayings of the illustrious dead — even of the unillustrious; the important thing is that they should be dead.

India is a country where tradition is strong and authority, at any rate among the men of the older generation, is still profoundly respected. Similar causes produce similar effects, and one can find in India today the kind of scholarship that flourished in Europe up to the end of the seventeenth century, together with a complementary scholar-respecting public opinion. I had occasion to meet several extremely learned men, whose attitude toward the ancient Sanskrit literature which was the object of their studies was the attitude of a scholastic toward classical and mediæval Latin. For scholars of this type every statement made by the ancients is true and must be accepted without criticism. Galileo's unequal weights may fall from the Leaning Tower in equal times. Nevertheless bodies must fall with a speed proportional to their weight,

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because Aristotle says so; and Aristotle must not be criticized or called in question. That was the attitude toward authority in seventeenth century Europe. And that is still the attitude in India. You still meet in India men of culture who accept unquestioningly anything that is written in an ancient book. Thus, in the ancient mythological poems of India there are certain descriptions of flying boats and chariots. Similar references to flying are to be found in almost every mythology or body of fairy tales; but it does not occur to us to take them seriously as accounts of actual fact. We do not claim, for example, that Icarus anticipated Wilbur Wright. But in India, on the other hand, these descriptions are accepted at their face value, and I have met several intelligent and cultured men (one of them was even a scholar of some eminence) who have solemnly assured me that Zeppelins were in common use among the ancient Hindus and that the Lord Krishna was in the habit of flying by airship to America and back.

It is obvious that, in a society where such worshipers of ancient authority still exist, it is much more respectable to be a learned than an original man, a scholar than an artist. I accepted my temporary professorship, and figuratively enthroned on the Chair of some unspecified science — for fortunately I was never pressed too closely about my subject — I carried my borrowed title with dignity and even with splendor across the kingdoms of Rajputana.

Cawnpore. Personally, I have little use for political speaking. If I know something about the question at issue, I find it quite unnecessary to listen to an orator who repeats in a summarized, and generally garbled, form the information I already possess; knowing what I do, I am quite capable of making up my own mind on the subject under discussion without listening to his rhetorical persuasions. If, on the other hand, I know nothing, it is not to the public speaker that I turn for the information on which to base my judgment. The acquisition of full and accurate knowledge about any given subject is a lengthy and generally boring process, entailing the reading of many books, the collating of numerous opinions. It therefore follows, inevitably, that the imparting of knowledge can never be part of a public speaker's work, for the simple reason that if his speeches are boring and lengthy — and boring and lengthy they must be, if he is to give anything like a fair and full account of the facts — nobody will listen to him. Now it happens that I have a prejudice in favor of information. I like to know what I am doing and why. Hence, when I am ignorant, I go to the library, not to the public meeting. In the library, I know, I shall be able to collect enough facts to permit me to form an opinion of my own. At the public meeting, on the other hand, the speaker will give me only a garbled selection of the available facts and will devote the bulk of his time and energies to persuading me by means of rhetoric to adopt his opinions. Political speaking is thus of no use to me. Either I know enough about the point at issue to make the oratory of politicians entirely superfluous; or else I know so little that their oratory is apt to be misleading and dangerous. In the first case I am in a position to make up my own mind; in the second I am not, and I do not desire to have my mind made up for me.

The All India Congress at Cawnpore lasted for three days, and in the course

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of those three days I listened to more political speeches than I had previously listened to in all the years of my life. Many of them were in Hindi and therefore, to me, incomprehensible. Of the speeches in English most were eloquent; but for the reasons I have set out above they were of little use to me. If the Congress was impressive — and it did impress me, profoundly — it was not by reason of the oratory of the delegates. Oratory in large quantities is always slightly ridiculous. Particularly if it is the oratory of people who are not in a position to give effect to their words. The English in India are very quick in seeing this absurdity. Possessing as they do the power to act, they have no need to talk. It is easy for them to mock the powerless and disinherited Indians for the luxuriant copiousness of their eloquence. The Indians themselves are quite aware of the absurdity of so much oratory. "We talk too much", an old Indian said to me. "But at least that's doing something. In my young days we didn't even talk." In the beginning was the Word. . . . Words are creative. In the long run they have a way of generating actions. It was not, I repeat, by the oratory that I was impressed. It was by the orators and by their audience.

Imagine an enormous tent, a hundred yards or more in length by sixty in width. Looking up, you could see, through the thin brown canvas of its roof, the shadows of windblown flags and from time to time the passing silhouette of a kite or slowly soaring vulture. The floor of the tent and the platform were decently covered with matting and it was on this matting — for there were no chairs — that delegates sat, and sat unflinchingly, I may add, from before noon till long after sunset: six hours, seven hours, and, on the last day, nearly nine. Those nine foodless hours of squatting on the floor were very nearly my last. By the time they were over, I was all but dead of sheer fatigue. But the delegates seemed positively to enjoy every moment of them. Comfort and regular meals are western habits, which few, even the wealthy, have adopted in the East. The sudden change to discomfort and protracted starvation is very painful to western limbs and loins, western hams and western stomachs.

It was a huge crowd. There must have been seven or eight thousand delegates packed together on the floor of the tent. In the old days, I was told, it would have been a variegated crowd of manycolored turbans and fezes, interspersed with European hats and sun helmets. But now, since the days of non-cooperation, nobody wears anything but the white cotton "Gandhi cap". It is an ugly headgear, like a convict's cap. The wearers of it find the similitude symbolic. All India, they say, is one great gaol; for its inhabitants the convict's is the only suitable, the only logical, uniform. From our exalted seats on the platform we looked down over what seemed a great concourse of prisoners.

It was the size of the crowd that first impressed me. Mere quantity is always impressive. The human observer is small and single. Great numbers, huge dimensions, overawe him into feeling yet more solitary and minute. In the world of art even ugliness and disproportion can impress us, if there be but enough of them. The buildings which flank Victoria Street in London are architecturally monstrous; but they are so high and the monotonous stretch of them is so long, that they end by taking on a certain grandeur. The individuals composing a

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Derby or Cup Final crowd may be repulsive, both in appearance and character; but the crowd is none the less a magnificent and impressive thing. But at Cawnpore it was not only the quantity of humanity assembled within the Congress tent that impressed; it was its quality too. Looking through the crowd one was struck by the number of fine, intelligent faces. These faces were particularly plentiful on and in the neighborhood of the platform, where the leaders and the more important of their followers were assembled. Whenever I remarked a particularly sensitive, intelligent, or powerful face, I would make inquiries regarding its owner. In almost every case I found he had spent at least six months in gaol for a political offense. After a little practice, I learned to recognize the "criminal type" at sight.

"*Pusillus, persona contemptibilis, vivacis ingenii et oculum habens perspicacem gratumque, et sponte fluens ei non deerat eloquium.*" Such is William of Tyre's description of Peter the Hermit. It would serve equally well as a description of Mahatma Gandhi. The saint of popular imagination is a person of majestic carriage, with a large intellectual forehead, expressive and luminous eyes, and a good deal of waved hair, preferably of a snowy whiteness. I do not profess to be very well up in hagiology; but my impression is that the majority of the saints about whom we know any personal details have not conformed to this ideal type. They have been more like Peter the Hermit and Mahatma Gandhi.

The qualities which make a man a saint — faith, an indomitable will, a passion for self sacrifice — are not those that extrinsicate themselves in striking bodily stigmata. Men of great intellectual capacities generally look what they are. Sometimes it happens that these persons are further possessed of saintly qualities, and then we have the picturesque saint of popular imagination. But one can be a saint without possessing those qualities of mind which mold the face of genius into such striking and unforgetable forms.

Looking through the crowd in the Congress tent the casual observer would have been struck by the appearance of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the President of the Congress, of Pundit Motilal Nehru, the leader of the Swaraj party. These people, he would have said, are somehow intrinsically important; their faces proclaim it. It is probable that he would never even have noticed the little man in the *dhoti*, with the shawl over his naked shoulders; the emaciated little man with the shaved head, the large ears, the rather foxy features; the quiet little man, whose appearance is only remarkable when he laughs — for he laughs with the wholehearted laughter of a child and his smile has an unexpected and boyish charm. No, the casual observer would probably never even have noticed Mahatma Gandhi.

In the West we admire a man who fasts in order to break a world's record or win a wager; we understand his motives and can sympathize with them. But the man who goes out for forty days into the wilderness (and forty days, it may be added, are nothing in comparison with modern records), the man who fasts for the good of his soul, has become incomprehensible to us. We regard him with suspicion and not, as our ancestors would have done, with reverence. So far from worshiping him, we think that he ought to be put into an asylum. With us, the ascetic, the mortifier of the flesh for the sake of the "spirit", the self tormentor, has ceased to command re-

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spect. We still adore the saint who gives up wealth and worldly advantage for the sake of an idea. But we demand that his sacrifice shall not be too excessive, at any rate in appearance. We deplore such visible symptoms of sainthood as the hair shirt. We do not like a saint to sacrifice, along with his money and his worldly success, his clothes, his comfort, his family ties, his marriage bed.

In India things are different. Among the Hindus the enthusiasm for sainthood, even in its extremest manifestations, is as strong as it was among the Christians of the first centuries. Eloquence and energy and what is called personal magnetism are enough among us to make a man a successful leader of the people. But to capture the imagination of the Indian masses a man must possess, besides these qualities, the characteristics of a saint. A Disraeli can captivate the hearts of the English; he could have no sort of popular success in India. In India the most influential political leader of modern times is Gandhi, who is a saint and an ascetic, not a politician at all. Sanctity and political astuteness are rarely combined. Gandhi's saintliness gave him power over the people; but he lacked the political ability to use that power to the best advantage.

Edward Lear has a rhyme about

> . . . an old man of Thermopylæ,
> Who never did anything properly.

To the westerner all Indians seem old men of Thermopylæ. In the ordinary affairs of life, I am a bit of a Thermopylæan myself. But even I am puzzled, disquieted, and rather exasperated by the Indians. To a thoroughly neat minded and efficient man, with a taste for tidiness and strong views about respectability and the keeping up of appearances, Indians must be literally maddening.

It would be possible to compile a long and varied list of what I may call Indian Thermopylisms. But I prefer to confine my attention to the Thermopylæan behavior of Indians in a single sphere of activity — that of ceremonial. For it is, I think, in matters of ceremonial and the keeping up of appearances that Indians most conspicuously fail, in our western opinion, "to do anything properly". Nobody who has looked into a temple, or witnessed the ceremonies of an Indian marriage, can fail to have been struck by the extraordinary "sloppiness" and inefficiency of the symbolical performances. The sublime is constantly alternated with the ridiculous and trivial, and the most monstrous incongruities are freely mingled. The old man of Thermopylæ is as busy in the palace as in the temple; and the abodes of Indian potentates are an incredible mixture of the magnificent and the cheap, the grandiose and the ludicrously homely. Cows bask on the front steps; the anteroom is filthy with the droppings of pigeons; beggars doze under the gates or search one another's heads for lice; in one of the inner courts fifty courtezans from the city are singing interminable songs in honor of the birth of the Maharaja's eleventh grandchild; in the throne room, nobody quite knows why, there stands a brass bedstead with a sham mahogany wardrobe from the Tottenham Court Road beside it; framed color prints from the Christmas Number of the "Graphic" of 1907 alternate along the walls with the most exquisite Rajput and Persian miniatures; in the unswept jewel room, five million pounds' worth of precious stones lies indiscriminately heaped; the paintings are peeling off the walls of the private apartments, a leprosy has attacked the stucco, there is a hole in the carpet; the marble hall of

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audience is furnished with bamboo chairs and the Rolls-Royces are driven by ragged chauffeurs who blow their noses on the long and windblown end of their turbans. As an Englishman belonging to that impecunious but dignified section of the upper middle class which is in the habit of putting on dress clothes to eat — with the most studied decorum and out of porcelain and burnished silver — a dinner of dishwater and codfish, mock duck and cabbage, I was always amazed, I was pained and shocked by this failure on the part of eastern monarchs to keep up appearances and do what is owing to their position.

I was even more helplessly bewildered by the Thermopylæan behavior of the delegates at the Cawnpore Congress during Mr. Gandhi's speech on the position of Indians in South Africa. The applause when he ascended the rostrum was loud — though rather less loud than a western observer might have expected. Indian audiences are not much given to yelling or hand clapping, and it is not possible when one is sitting on the floor to stamp one's feet. But though the noise was small, the enthusiasm was evidently very great. And yet, when the Mahatma began to speak, there was more talking and fidgeting, more general inattention, than during any other speech of the day. True, it was late in the afternoon when Mr. Gandhi made his speech. The delegates had spent a long and hungry day sitting on a floor that certainly grew no softer with the passage of the hours. There was every reason for their feeling the need to relax their minds and stretch their cramped legs. But however acute its weariness had become, a western audience would surely have postponed the moment of relaxation until the great man had finished speaking; even if it had found the speech boring, it would have felt itself bound to listen silently and with attention to a great and admired national hero. It would have considered that chattering and fidgeting were signs of disrespect. Not so, evidently, the Indian audience. To show disrespect for the Mahatma was probably the last thing in the world that the Cawnpore delegates desired. Nevertheless they talked all through the speech, they stretched their stiff legs, they called for water, they went out for little strolls in the Congress grounds and came back, noisily. Knowing how Englishmen would comport themselves during a speech by a national hero, combining in his single person the sanctity of the Archbishop of Canterbury with the popularity of the Prince of Wales, I was astonished, I was profoundly puzzled.

In an earlier entry in this diary I attributed the Thermopylisms of the Indians to a certain emotional agility (shared, to some extent, by the native of southern Europe), to a capacity for feeling two things at once or, at least, in very rapid succession. Indians and Neapolitans, I pointed out, can reverence their gods even while spitting, jesting, and picking their noses. But this explanation does not go far enough; it requires itself to be explained. How is it that, while we are brought up to practise consistency of behavior, the children of other races are educated so as to be emotionally agile? Why are we so carefully taught to keep up the appearances which to others seem so negligible?

Reflecting on my observations in Italy and in India, I am led to believe that these questions must be answered in one way for the southern Europeans, in another for the Indians. The emotional agility of the Italians is due to the profound "realism" of their outlook,

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coupled with their ingrained habit of judging things in terms of æsthetics. Thus, the southern European may admire a religious service or a royal procession as a work of art, while holding strong atheistical and anti-monarchical opinions; he will be able to mock and admire simultaneously. And perhaps he is not an atheist or a republican at all. But however ardently a Christian or a monarchist, he will always find himself able to reflect — while he kneels before the elevated Host or cheers the royal barouche — that the priest and the king make a very good thing out of their business and that they are, after all, only human, like himself — probably all too human. As for the shabbinesses and absurdities of the performance, he will ignore them in his appreciation of the grandiose intention, the artistic general effect. And he will regard the northerner who wants the performance to be perfect in every detail as a laborious and unimaginative fool. Nor will he understand the northerner's passion for keeping up appearances in ordinary daily life. The southerner has a liking for display; but his display is different from ours. When we go in for keeping up appearances we do the job, not showily, but thoroughly and at every point. We want all the rooms in our house to look "nice", we want everything in it to be "good"; we train our servants to behave as nearly as possible like automatons and we put on special clothes to eat even the worst of dinners. The southerner, on the other hand, concentrates his display into a single splendid flourish. He likes to get something spectacular for his money and his aim is to achieve, not respectability, but a work of art. He gives his house a splendid façade, trusting that every lover of the grandiose will be content to contemplate the marble front, without peering too closely at the brick and rubble behind. He will furnish one drawing room in style, for state occasions. To keep up appearances at every point — for oneself and one's servants, as well as for the outside world — seems to him a folly and a waste of spirit. Life is meant to be enjoyed, and occasional grandiosities are part of the fun. But on ordinary days of the week it is best enjoyed in shirt sleeves.

The Indian's Thermopylisms are due, it seems to me, to entirely different causes. He is careless about keeping up appearances, because appearances seem to him as nothing in comparison with "spiritual reality". He is slack in the performance of anything in the nature of symbolic ceremonial, because the invisible thing symbolized seems to him so much more important than the symbol. He is a Thermopylæan, not through excess of "realism" and the æsthetic sense, but through excess of "spirituality". Thus the Maharaja does not trouble to make his surroundings look princely, because he feels that princeliness lies within him, not without. Marriages are made in heaven; therefore it is unnecessary to take trouble about mere marriage ceremonies on earth. And if the soul of every Indian is overflowing with love and respect for Mahatma Gandhi, why should Congress delegates trouble to give the respect the merely physical form of silence and motionlessness?

Such arguments, of course, are never consciously put. But the training of Indians is such that they act as though in obedience to them. They have been taught that this present world is more or less illusory, that the aim of every man should be to break out of the cycle of recurrent birth, that the "soul" is everything and that the highest values are purely "spiritual".

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Owing to their early inculcation, such beliefs have tended to become almost instinctive, even in the minds of those whose consciously formulated philosophy of life is of an entirely different character. It is obvious that people holding such beliefs will attach the smallest importance to the keeping up of appearances.

In these matters we northerners behave like behaviorists — as though the visible or audible expression of an idea were the idea itself, as though the symbol in some sort created the notion symbolized. Our religious rites, our acts of "natural piety", are solemnly performed and with an almost military precision. The impressive service, we have found, actually manufactures God; the memorial ceremony creates and conserves our interest in the dead. Our royal pageantry is no less rich, no less consistently effective; for the pageant *is* the king. Our judges are wigged and magnificently robed. Absurd survival! But no; the majesty of the law consists in the wigs and the ermine. The gentry keeps up appearances to the limit of its financial means and beyond. It is a folly, protests the believer in "spiritual" realities. On the contrary, it is a profound wisdom, based on the instinctive recognition of a great historical truth. History shows us that there were rites before there were dogmas, that there were conventions of behavior before there was morality. Dogmas, indeed, have often been the children of rites — systems of thought called into existence to explain gestures. Morality is the theory of preexisting social habits. (In the same way some of the greatest advances in mathematics have been due to the invention of symbols, which it afterward became necessary to explain; from the minus sign proceeded the whole theory of negative quantities.) To skeptics desirous of believing, Catholic directors of conscience prescribe the outward and visible practice of religion; practice, they know, brings faith; the formal appearance of religion creates its "spiritual" essence. It is the same with civilization; men who practise the conventional ritual of civilization become civilized. Appearing to be civilized, they really are so. For civilization is nothing but a series of conventions; being civilized is obeying these conventions, is keeping up the appearances of culture, prosperity, and good manners. The more widely and the more efficiently such appearances are kept up, the better the civilization. There can never be a civilization that ignores appearances and is wholly "spiritual". A civilization based on Quaker principles could not come into existence; Quakerism in all its forms is the product, by reaction, of a civilization already highly developed. Before one can ignore appearances and conventions, there must be, it is obvious, conventions and appearances to ignore. The Simple Life is simple only in comparison with some existing life of complicated convention. If Quaker principles ceased to be the luxury of a refined few and were accepted by the world at large, civilization would soon fail to exist; freed from the necessity of keeping up the appearance of being civilized, the majority of human beings would rapidly become barbarous.

Admirers of India are unanimous in praising Hindu "spirituality". I cannot agree with them. To my mind "spirituality" (ultimately, I suppose, the product of the climate) is the primal curse of India and the cause of all her misfortunes. It is this preoccupation with "spiritual" realities, different from the actual historical realities of common life, that has kept

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millions upon millions of men and women content, through centuries, with a lot unworthy of human beings. A little less spirituality, and the Indians would now be free — free from foreign dominion and from the tyranny of their own prejudices and traditions. There would be less dirt and more food. There would be fewer Maharajas with Rolls-Royces, and more schools. The women would be out of their prisons and there would be some kind of polite and conventional social life — one of those despised appearances of civilization which are yet the very stuff and essence of civilized existence. At a safe distance and from the midst of a network of sanitary plumbing, western observers, disgusted, not unjustifiably, with their own civilization, express their admiration for the "spirituality" of the Indians and for the immemorial contentment which is the fruit of it. Sometimes, such is their enthusiasm, this admiration actually survives a visit to India.

It is for its "materialism" that our western civilization is generally blamed. Wrongly, I think. For materialism — if materialism means a preoccupation with the actual world in which we live — is something wholly admirable. If western civilization is unsatisfactory, that is not because we are interested in the actual world; it is because the majority of us are interested in such an absurdly small part of it. Our world is wide, incredibly varied, and more fantastic than any product of the imagination. And yet the lives of the vast majority of men and women among the western peoples are narrow, monotonous, and dull. We are not materialistic enough; that is the trouble. We do not interest ourselves in a sufficiency of this marvelous world of ours. Travel is cheap and rapid; the immense accumulations of modern knowledge lie heaped up on every side. Every man with a little leisure and enough money for railway tickets — every man, indeed, who knows how to read — has it in his power to magnify himself, to multiply the ways in which he exists, to make his life full, significant, and interesting. And yet, for some inexplicable reason, most of us prefer to spend our leisure and our surplus energies in elaborately, brainlessly, and expensively murdering time. Our lives are consequently barren and uninteresting and we are, in general, only too acutely conscious of the fact. The remedy is more materialism and not, as false prophets from the East assert, more "spirituality" — more interest in this world, not in the other. The other world — the world of metaphysics and religion — can never possibly be as interesting as this world, and for an obvious reason. The Other World is an invention of the human fancy and shares the limitations of its creator. This world, on the other hand, the world of the materialists, is the fantastic and incredible invention of — well, not in any case of Mrs. Annie Besant.

Some of the speeches were in Hindi, some in English. When a man began in English, there would be a shout of "Hindi! Hindi!" from the patriots of upper India. Those, on the other hand, who began in Hindi would find themselves interrupted by protests from the Tamil speaking delegates of the south, who called for English. Pundit Motilal Nehru, the leader of the Swaraj party, delivered his principal oration in Hindi. When it was over, an excited man jumped up and complained to the President and the Congress at large that he had spent upward of a hundred rupees coming from somewhere beyond Madras to listen to his leader — a hundred rupees,

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and the leader had spoken in Hindi; he had not understood a single word. Later in the day, one of his compatriots mounted the rostrum and retaliated on the north by making a very long and totally incomprehensible speech in Tamil. The north was furious, naturally. These are some of the minor complexities of Indian politics.

The capitalist, the tax collector, and the policeman have their places in every society, whatever its form of government. Men must work for their living, must pay for being governed, and must obey the laws. To the eye of reason, the privilege of slaving for, paying taxes to, and being put into prison by people of one's own rather than people of another race may seem unimportant and hardly worth the trouble involved in ejecting alien policemen, tax gatherers, and employers of labor. But men do not look at things with the eye of reason and would always rather govern themselves badly and oppressively than be governed by even the mildest and most efficient of foreigners. The Indians are no exception to the rule.

Whether the Indians are in a position to start governing themselves at once, whether they would do the job as well as the English, or worse, or better, I am not able to say. Nor, for that matter, is anyone else. We all have our different theories about the matter; but in politics, as in science, one untested theory is as good, or as bad, as another. It is only experimentally that we can discover which out of a number of alternatives is the best hypothesis. Now the bewildering charm of politics lies in the fact that you cannot experimentally test the truth of alternative theories. At any given moment, only one choice can be made. There is no science of politics, because there is no such thing as a political laboratory where experiments can be carried on.

The truth of the theories about the capacity or incapacity of the Indians to govern themselves can only be tested experimentally. They are at present merely the divergent opinions of the interested parties. I happen not to be an interested party (for I do not consider that the mere fact of being, on the one hand, an Englishman and, on the other, a liberal with prejudices in favor of freedom and self determination, makes me directly responsible for either the integrity of the British Empire or the liberation of the Indian people); it is easy for me to suspend judgment until the production of proof. But if I were a member of the I.C.S., or if I held shares in a Calcutta jute mill (I wish I did), I should believe in all sincerity that British rule had been an unmixed blessing to India and that the Indians were quite incapable of governing themselves. And if I were an educated Indian, I should most certainly have gone to gaol for acting on my belief in the contraries of these propositions. Moreover, even if, as an Indian, I shared the Englishman's belief, even if it could somehow be proved that Swaraj could bring, as its immediate consequences, communal discord, religious and political wars, the oppression of the lower by the higher castes, inefficiency and corruption, in a word, general anarchy — even if this could be proved, I think I should still go on trying to obtain Swaraj. There are certain things about which it is not possible, it is not right, to take the reasonable, the utilitarian view.

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THE LONDONER

A Film Version of "Der Rosenkavalier" — Sir Walter Raleigh's Letters — Dictionary of Modern English Usage — Edgar Wallace — John Gunther's First Novel

LONDON, *June* 1, 1926.

I AM gradually coming to the conclusion that I must be an eccentric. I do not like the things that the intelligentsia prefer to all other things in the world. I am easily pleased in every department of art except that of literature (about which I—and this at least is not an eccentricity, for it is what every other man and woman I meet feels about himself or herself — feel I know rather more than anybody else). I am neither ascetic nor æsthetic. I have no feuds. I do not grossly overpraise my friends, but omit all mention of them unless I feel that what I have to say is of general interest. Having one or two enthusiasms in the way of writers such as Jane Austen and Tchekhov, Stendhal and Dostoyevsky, I only rarely introduce them without warrant into my articles. And while I seem to myself to be unusually intelligent I am neither a highbrow nor one who insists that others shall admire my intelligence. And, in the familiar phrase, I "know what I like", and do not much mind if the liking is unfashionable. On the other hand, I am not frightened of liking what is fashionable, if by chance this accident occurs. I recall that Sinclair Lewis, having heard me discuss literature (modern literature) with Hugh Walpole, John Drinkwater, and others, once exclaimed: "My God, is there anything he *does* like?" But I believe Mr. Lewis was doing me injustice. However, this is beside the point. I must not waste time telling all my eccentricities. I must begin to relate the various things which have lately brought home to me the main fact of eccentricity. There are several of them, which you shall hear in good time. And the first of them is "Der Rosenkavalier" as a film, with Strauss's music. It is very unfashionable among the really snappy intellectuals in London to like this. I like it. I was present at the first performance, or rather, the third performance, which was conducted by the composer. I heard, in fact, what all the other critics heard. I saw what all the other critics saw. And I liked what they did not like. I have never seen a film I liked so much; and, although I love the opera, and perceive the disadvantage to the story of several of the changes made necessary by the new medium, I was not disgusted, as the best people have been, by these alterations or by the prostitution of music to the moving picture. Of course, in my eccentric way, I do what Plato and Coleridge have advised, whenever I go to the theatre. I accept the conventions which I find in force in the theatre, and I withhold certain faculties (such as a too active sense of absurdity) which would interfere with my enjoyment of what is there performed. When I go to see the film of "Der Rosenkavalier" I do not go armed with the score of the opera, as the "Times" critic seems to have done, with the object of disliking and despising all that is not strictly in

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accordance with the score of the opera. I do not demand that every note of the music as played should accord with the movements of the actors — not that I do not think that there should ideally be perfect synchronization, but because I regard the form of musical film (or operatic film) as being something which is very young and something which ought not to be too mechanically precise (as it will certainly become). I do not demand that the film producer should abandon all his common habits when he comes into contact with a work which he is as it were translating from another art. The film is no favorite form of entertainment for me. I do not like it, and I do not find as a rule that it gives me any illusion or any emotional satisfaction. Now, "Der Rosenkavalier" did give me moments of absolute conviction. I thought parts of it beautiful. In some respects I thought it superior to the opera — but this feeling was reached afterward, in memory, because in the picture house I was too much absorbed in the general sensation of seeing and hearing to make comparisons. A very great friend of mine, a judge, and a man of fine taste, rebuked me for having been to see "Der Rosenkavalier" at all. He said: "You must have known it would be second rate." But in face of my characteristically mild protestation that I had liked the production he was silent. He said, "Here, but I ought to have seen this!" While I, pondering a little, thought that I must be the most palpably eccentric man in London. For by this time "Der Rosenkavalier" had been withdrawn. My friend could not see it for love or money. Even the tremendous amount of publicity gained by the actual appearance of Richard Strauss in the conductor's place had not been sufficient to make the film a success. Neither the highbrow nor the hick (whose film-fan applause at good street scenes was comically and indignantly hushed by the protests of the highbrows at the first performance) can have liked it. Is it to be wondered at that the thought of my own eccentricity has ever since been weighing me down? In my opinion this film was beautiful, interesting, and moving. The photography was excellent, the production had some exquisite moments, the acting was good, and the music was enchanting. Having planned to go a second time to see and hear what had given me so much delight, I found the Tivoli occupied by Jack Hylton's Band, with Paul Whiteman's Band as a super attraction. "Der Rosenkavalier", scorned by all others, had vanished.

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And another illumination of my eccentricity is my "reaction" to "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh". When I wrote about these last month I had done no more than sample them. I have now read them. My judgment is altered. It differs from the judgments of all those readers who have expressed themselves in print. Recently a French critic, anxious to explain why he did not care for my own novels, said (in print) that I had a "truly hateful personality". Well, that is what I feel about Raleigh. I do not like him, and every time I look at that cold, conceited face in one of the several portraits which adorn the two volumes, I am reenforced in my distaste for the personality revealed through the words printed by an admiring editor. Raleigh had not a humble mind. He had a clear intelligence, and he preferred this clear intelligence to anything else. There are many good things in the letters, good judgments — far better than any of those full dress judgments

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of Raleigh's which I have read — and good analyses. He is excellent in his comparison between Stevenson and Henley, for example. He is shrewd about George Meredith. But all these good judgments and analyses are destructive. They are cold, facetious (with the apparently inevitable facetiousness of the professor), and hard. Of good nature, or of imaginative sympathy with writers or friends, I find nothing. The note is struck upon the first page, where he derides his sister in words which have none of the lightness of good teasing. "The fact", he says, "that your letter contained nothing at all of importance did not lessen its value in my eyes as a token of kindness, I therefore beg to thank you for it. . . ." (He is a schoolboy, or youth, of eighteen as he writes.) "If you like to come out here any Wednesday or Saturday, I can show you over my suite of apartments and send you back again, a tireder and disappointeder donkey." Of those who live in Liverpool he says: "Pig Liverpool. I don't much like the people, for they don't say what they think and are deadly in earnest about you don't exactly know what. And they seem to understand each other so well that one can't help feeling it rude." That is probably acute enough; but when one knows that he has made up his mind that "words could not convey an idea of the people here. Their hearts are fixed, O God, their hearts are fixed on the individual and temporal and accidental and trivial", one wonders whether the sense of intrusion which he had was not the result of his own obvious distaste for the people among whom he was thrown. No man will get out of a community any confidence until he has shown that he can accept confidences. Raleigh — unless I am wrong — was too self conscious, and too conscious of his own intellectual superiority, to win friends outside his own class. His readiness to despise others is characteristic of that class, the members of which, having had some intellectual training, suppose that intellectual training makes them a superior breed. It is not an impatience with slower wits, such as some men of genius have felt; but is a belief that education creates a sort of aristocracy. I have known intimately only one professor, who was a very amiable specimen; but his heavy facetiousness, the result of being able at all times to score off juniors by being gravely and satirically insulting to them, gave me a hint of the professorial temperament. Raleigh, for all that has been said to the contrary, had that temperament. He is all the time saying, in effect, "No, Jones minor, incredible as it may seem to you, there is no truth in your belief that you are here to amuse yourself. You will write me a hundred lines admitting the fallacy of your assumption." It is the schoolmaster mind, and those who have admired it are either schoolmasters themselves, or they have been taught by familiarity to laugh cringingly and fawningly at the master's jests lest punishment be inflicted upon themselves. The discovery that Raleigh, although describing his stupid book on "Style" as a *jeu d'esprit*, considered it something of a masterpiece, has filled me with wonderment. He had a narrow, intelligent, capable, scholastic mind; and he was without importance as a critic or as a thinker. Busy with facetiousness of a heavy, schoolmasterly type, he had no humor. Imagine a man who in private correspondence is so self conscious as to be "funny" by calling Shakespeare "Bill"! And as a letter writer, except to those who knew him and can revive in his pages that youthful sense of educational superior-

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ity to the common herd which Raleigh must have encouraged, he is without charm. I had been misinformed about him. These letters are an illumination. And I do not like him.

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As I speak of the educational mind, I must mention a book from which I have lately been deriving great pleasure. It is a book which I think all who like words and books about words should make a point of buying. More — all those who care to browse over old critical journals, over the catalogues of second hand books and new books which for many people provide such fascinating reading, over dictionaries and cyclopædias and suchlike works, will get real delight from its pages. This book is "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage", and it is written by H. W. Fowler, who was one of the authors of an amusing and valuable book published some years ago under the title of "The King's English". The other author of that book, F. G. Fowler, unfortunately died as the result of illness contracted during war service; and there is a very excellent preface by H. W. Fowler to the present work (published by the Clarendon Press) in which modest and sincere tribute to the younger brother's work is paid. I would not go so far as to say that "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage" is an absolutely first class book. Somehow I do not feel that it is. I do not know why — or rather, I should find difficulty in saying casually, and without elaboration, why I think the book less than first class. But my impression is that it might have been better. Nevertheless, any such work, competently done, would be extraordinarily interesting, and the "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" will provide me for years with material for browsing. Mr. Fowler has wit as well as wisdom, and he has great shrewdness and fun. His object appears to be the provision of a book that is supplementary to the Oxford Dictionary, supplementary to an English grammar, supplementary to any conceivable manual on "How to Write", and supplementary to "The King's English". Have I sufficiently described its qualities for those in search of such a work for the entertainment of their leisure moments? And for the improvement of their literary manner? I shall quote one passage which will illustrate something of the book's scope. It comes — for it is one of the charms of this book that it is alphabetically arranged, so that as one turns the pages one is constantly striking surprises — under the heading "Foreign Danger". With the explanation that in the specimen sentences the words remaining in Roman type are wrongly used, while those words (also in Roman type) which are within brackets are corrections of the words wrongly used, I shall quote in full. I add the warning that while what I quote is typical there is much in the book which such a passage does not adequately represent. Mr. Fowler says:

> Those who use words or phrases belonging to languages with which they have little or no acquaintance do so at their peril. Even in *e.g.*, *i.e.*, *& et cetera*, there lurk unsuspected possibilities of exhibiting ignorance; with *toto caelo*, *bête noire*, *cui bono?*, *bonâ fide*, *qua*, and *pacè*, the risk is greater: & such words as *protagonist* and *phantasmagoria*, which one hesitates whether to call English or foreign, require equal caution. See all or any of the words & phrases mentioned, & FLAIR. Two or three specimens follow, for those who do not like cross references:—*I suggest that a Compulsory Loan be made* pro ratio *upon all capital* [pro ratâ]. */Ricasoli, another of his* bêtes noirs [noires]. */A man who claimed to be a Glasgow delegate, but whose* bona fides were *disputed, rose to propose the motion* [was]. */We are calmly told that Cambridge was neither worse nor better than the rest of the world; in*

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fact, it was, we are assured, in petto *the reflex of the corrupt world without* [in petto is not in little, but in one's heart, i.e. secretly]./ THE TRAMP AS CENSOR MORES [A headline; morum].

This sort of thing shows Mr. Fowler at his most serious, and it will be found useful by many. But Mr. Fowler also lets himself go upon the subject of "Genteelism". He has much that is amusing and instructive to say upon that fascinating subject, "Elegant Variation" (the careful avoidance of repetitions by those who consider repetitions vulgar or "bad composition"). The best thing in the book — as far as my researches have yet carried me — is a particularly happy attempt to distinguish between humor, wit, satire, sarcasm, invective, irony, cynicism, and the sardonic. Mr. Fowler tables these words. He then gives the motive or aim of each, the province of each, the method or means employed by each (or in each), and the audience to which each is directed. Thus the motive or aim of satire is "amendment", its province is "morals and manners", its method or means is "accentuation", and its audience is "the self satisfied". But the motive or aim of irony, with which most of the present day satiric young men suppose themselves to be playing, is "exclusiveness"; its province is "the statement of facts"; its method is "mystification", and its audience is "an inner circle". For the full tabular statement, see under "Humour" in Mr. Fowler's pages. I cannot quote more from the book, because I have not space to do so. I shall merely draw attention to the fact that Mr. Fowler is very hard on novelists, who have a section to themselves (see "Novelese"), and that there is a good section on what Mr. Fowler calls "Hackneyed Phrases". In the last, Mr. Fowler himself uses a hackneyed phrase, "Pet Abominations", which shows how human he is. That is the quality in the book which makes it so enjoyable — one feels one is not dealing with a pedant. Mr. Fowler is at times very faintly schoolmasterly (as I hinted at the beginning), but on the whole he avoids the condescending facetiousness of the schoolmaster, and allows his readers to keep their own self complacency very little disturbed. I have found two words at least which I prefer to their commoner and simpler forms, and am thus convicted of two "genteelisms". But I do not object to that, because Mr. Fowler falls heavily upon "anent", which is one of the words I most dislike in English. And he is good, also, on literary words, and the phrases used by literary critics. Here, however, he touches the fringe only of a large subject, and it may be that I have stumbled upon one of the reasons I have for thinking that the book might be better in some ways. "Literary" implies something more than the use of literary words, and could have engaged Mr. Fowler for several pages. So could "Provincial English", which I do not see mentioned in his book. But the book is here. I urge all my readers to buy it, and make their own selections of its happy touches and its informing pages.

* * * *

I do not know what Mr. Fowler would think of Edgar Wallace, with whose sensational novels I have lately been solacing myself; but I suspect that he would be able to find a few entries for his pages of warning. I regret this, for at his best Edgar Wallace is a very good sensationalist indeed. He is at his worst when he tries to write finely (who is not?), and is at his best when he is dashing hotfooted through all sorts of incredibilities. The best book by Mr. Wallace which I have read is "The

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Green Archer", as I remember telling readers of this journal at the time I enjoyed the experience. The second best is "The Face in the Night", which I read during my recent holiday. Those with which I have made acquaintance more lately have been less good. They have been perfunctory excursions into the sensational, showing no great ingenuity (e. g., "Room 13", "Captains of Souls", and, rather better, but still not Mr. Wallace at his best, "The Clue of the New Pin"). Mr. Wallace, however, is now writing his reminiscences, and it is from these, which are honest and readable, that I gain the information that Mr. Wallace is an entirely uneducated man — entirely uneducated, that is, in the sense in which people of the type of Sir Walter Raleigh would use the phrase. He has become a writer because he is a born writer. This in itself would commend Mr. Wallace to me; for I am tired of the highly educated writer who spins upon his own cleverness. I am told that he sits down and works continuously upon a book, often without sleep for long stretches of time, until it is done. Also that he dictates to the dictaphone. Whether this is true or not, Mr. Wallace has been remarkably prolific, as I calculate that he has written not fewer than seventy novels in the last twenty or twenty five years. The books are not written with a great deal of style, but Mr. Wallace's writing is far from being the bran mash of the late Nat Gould. It is vigorous and effective, and only becomes common under strain. What strikes me most about the autobiography, is the extraordinarily valuable experiences which Mr. Wallace has had. He has known the seamy side of London life at first hand; he has been a soldier, and has seen fighting; he has been a journalist, poet, song writer, dramatist, serial writer, and novelist; he is now the chairman of the London Press Club, and in this position shows himself extremely capable at handling a difficult task. My attention was drawn to his possession of unusual knowledge by a single article of his in a paper casually picked up — one of our Sunday newspapers, which are as unlike the American Sunday newspapers as anything could be — on a murder and suicide in Battersea which attracted all the sensation hunters of the day. Mr. Wallace wrote an article, not about the murder, but about the types involved. It was an excellent article, showing the depth of Mr. Wallace's experience. If he were ever to write a straight realistic novel, I think the book would be worthwhile. My conviction on this point is strengthened by a reading of his autobiography. It wouldn't be a "literary" work, but it would be pretty near truth. I should like to read it. Meanwhile, I hope that Mr. Wallace will long continue writing his best sensation novels. If he can beat "The Green Archer", may I be there to see!

* * * *

And now I must not forget John Gunther. I have a word to say about Mr. Gunther which it gives me much satisfaction to say; and it is this. Some twelve months ago, Mr. Gunther came to England from Chicago. He very soon wrote an article for "The Saturday Review" (New York), saying that English reviewers were all leagued together to decry American books, that no American books were ever published in England, and that in fact the international position was most disagreeable. I said at the time that I thought Mr. Gunther's view was too gloomy for the facts, and I still think it was too gloomy. Moreover, since all

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such articles do harm, I thought it was unjust and prejudiced. But fate has punished Mr. Gunther. Fate has decreed that he should eat his words. For during his sojourn in Europe, Mr. Gunther has written a novel — and a very brilliant young man's first novel it is — and this novel is to be published first of all in England. That it will also be published in America I do not doubt; but the fact I want to emphasize is that this first novel by a young American, who has condemned the British publisher as incurably prejudiced against American books, was accepted by an English publisher — Martin Secker — before any American publisher had enterprisingly secured it. What is the effect of this startling fact upon Mr. Gunther? I do not know. But I think the legend of British prejudice will have to be modified. It is very well for Mr. Mencken, in these pages, to muddle himself into the assertion that the English writers are bad because English reviewers do not worship American writers; but in the long run, with Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left" an English best seller and an English reviewers' favorite, with Elinor Wylie's "The Venetian Glass Nephew" receiving bouquets on every hand, John Erskine's "Helen of Troy" acclaimed everywhere as a work of astounding entertainment, and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" already earmarked as an English best seller before it is well out of the binders' hands, it is plain that American fiction is going to push all the English fledglings out of their own nests and capture the English speaking world. As for Mr. Gunther, I must admit gladness at the fact that he should have been so quickly confuted by circumstances. But I am glad of the event to which I have referred for quite other reasons. Mr. Gunther is a very young man, and a very charming young man, who, unless I am mistaken, is going to do remarkable work. He has done remarkable work already, in this first novel, "The Red Pavilion", but he will do even better. Starting out from Chicago, where he was on the reporting staff of the "Daily News", he came to England largely for fun. His expectation was that he would "starve in Fleet Street", but he has not yet starved in Fleet Street. He seems to have become a sort of flying correspondent for the Chicago "Daily News". One receives a letter from him from Rome one day, and from Constantinople the next. He is one minute in Paris, and immediately afterward in Egypt. He hastens to a small island off the French coast to write a novel, and turns up in London or Chicago as if nothing had happened in his absence. All this must be extremely valuable experience for a young novelist, and I expect to see the results of it in future books. "The Red Pavilion" will show my readers what great promise Mr. Gunther gives. It will show him to be witty, high spirited, full of observation, and a writer. I have already marked down Mr. Gunther as a star of the future, and I hope that just as the publication of his novel first in England will have cleared his mind of one sort of prejudice, so its reception by the English reviewers will clear his mind of the absurd notion that English reviewers are bent upon the depreciation of American work. One does not mind Mr. Mencken's having these notions, because Mr. Mencken is entitled to say anything he likes; but that Mr. Mencken should have support from anybody who has ever resided in England is really unthinkable.

SIMON PURE

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TOUCHSTONES FOR CHILDREN'S LIBRARIES

By Anne Carroll Moore

With a Drawing by W. T. Benda

IT was in the mid-nineties — in the middle of the "Mauve Decade" so finely etched by Thomas Beer as to give new values to the work of Louisa Alcott and Howard Pyle — that children came flocking to public libraries in such numbers as to get in the way of the grown ups.

Something had to be done about it. Up to the nineties the majority of libraries had been protected from this invasion by an age limit of twelve or fourteen years, "Selected Lists of Books for the Young", and the tradition of a chilly reception. As long ago as 1876, the historic year of the founding of the American Library Association, W. I. Fletcher had urged the removal of any age restriction. "Age is no criterion of mental condition and capacity", said this future librarian of Amherst College. "In every community there are young minds of peculiar gifts and precocious development, as fit to cope with the masterpieces of literature at ten years of age, as the average person at twenty, and with more appreciation of them."

Here and there over the country were librarians who recognized *all* children as a legitimate part of their public. Caroline Hewins of the Hartford Public Library mentions several of them in her reports on "Reading for the Young" and sums up the situation for the eighties by saying: "*Librarians should like children.* A librarian or an assistant in charge of circulation should never be too busy to talk with children and find out what they need."

But librarians in general were far too busy devising new systems of classification, cataloguing, records of all kinds, and the standardization of equipment, to give special attention to the needs of children until books were made free of access and a movement began that first threatened the comfort of grown ups and then prepared the way for that new order of library service described today as adult education.

What to do with the children was a problem indeed in those library buildings of the eighties and early nineties which rose in their communities as architectural monstrosities rather than hospitable homes of books for all ages and conditions to enjoy and use freely.

One such library was given a preposterous green and white and gold ceiling at a cost which left no margin for service and upkeep. Every visitor to the town was expected to admire this ceiling, even when viewing it as I did through the veil of white mosquito netting which kept the flies from feasting upon it in summer time. Such libraries were born dead. Small wonder that the sight and thought of their futility chilled legislation and held back the modern library movement in more than one state. Elements of beauty and utility had not yet become fused by the magic touch of a new order of direct personal service, making a library come alive to anybody living anywhere.

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But the State of Wisconsin had lighted a fire and young students in library schools all at once became vividly conscious of people hungry for books to whom books were inaccessible.

Books were traveling out from a library to find their public and librarians were traveling also. Traveling libraries and a traveling librarian! The idea of it fascinated my imagination and gave the first touch of reality to an experimental study of library science. Vaguely I had expected to find myself eventually in a reference library helping people find the things they wanted to find in books. But now I knew that I wanted to do something altogether different and personal. I wanted to set up traveling libraries in the state of Maine — traveling libraries for children as well as for grown ups. I wanted to travel with the books and find out what books the people of my native state wanted and needed most.

In the first glow of enthusiasm, I wrote to the librarian of the Maine State Library and received letters in reply which are heartwarming to recall across the years. It was at Mr. Carver's instance, no doubt, that I was invited by the State Superintendent of Schools to give a course of lectures on library methods of study to a summer school for teachers held at Seco.

As soon as the lectures were over I took a train to Augusta to visit the State Library and talk with its librarian. If his letters to an unknown student had been kind and understanding, even more gentle and wise was this shy elderly librarian in personal intercourse.

"I looked for an older lady than you are", he said on my arrival, and then he added, "The circus is in town today. Wouldn't you like to see the parade? I never miss it if I can help it. We can have our talk by and by."

The suggestion acted like magic. Augusta was transformed and humanized from that moment. I had never visited the capital of my native state before, nor have I seen it since, but watching the circus parade with Mr. Carver made me feel at home there, as he must have known it would. When we finally settled down to consider the object of my visit, no institutional barriers rose between us. We were just two people talking about something that needed to be done.

With infinite kindness and a deference all too rarely shown toward young enthusiasts, this lawyer librarian shared with me his keen insight into existing library conditions in Maine, predicting, and truly, that twenty or twenty five years must go by before an effective system of traveling libraries could be achieved in the state.

He then advised me to go back to New York or to the west and test the validity of my personal conception of library work, expressing his faith that something was bound to come of a desire so strongly felt, if persistently followed out in an environment with an open door.

And so in September I went to Cleveland and watched one of the most beloved and resourceful of librarians — William H. Brett — act as gracious host to the American Library Association in a city forever his own; and heard its president, John Cotton Dana of Denver, deliver a notable address in the sonorous voice of a prophet: "Look first to your own personal growth. Get into touch with the world. Let no one point to you as an instance of the narrowing effects of too much of books. Broaden out. Be social. . . . See that your library is interesting to the people of the community, the people who own it and maintain it. Deny your people nothing which the book-

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shop grants them. Make your library at least as attractive as the smallest retail store. Speak out freely on matters of library management and especially in these days of library construction. In recent years millions of dollars have been spent on library buildings and we have not yet a half dozen in the land which do not disgrace us."

It was an iconoclastic address and it did not please everybody, but it left me with an awareness that no lecture of the year had given me. It called for a new line of defense for the free public library of the future by daring to suggest that a bookshop might be more attractive than a library. It dared suggest a great many other things about which librarians differed all through the convention and are still differing. It did not give children a place among the new public. Children were still only a space item in library economy. But talk of children's rooms and of what should be done in them was in the air.

Do you believe in children? librarians asked one another. Some did and some didn't, by honest confession. Mary Wright Plummer was one of those who did believe in children and in the full obligation of the free library to discover and satisfy their legitimate needs and desires. She had given a tangible bit of evidence by the inclusion of a completely equipped lending library and reading room for children in the architect's original plan for the Pratt Institute Free Library and by placing in charge of it a trained librarian to rank as the head of a new department. One of my classmates was in charge of this room. Another had gone to the Buffalo Library to open a children's room there, and her letters were full of what the children were reading and saying and doing in that city.

One heard of other children's rooms in Minneapolis, Omaha, Seattle — as far away as San Francisco. The Sargents of Medford, Massachusetts, had a cosy upstairs room in the fine old house which sheltered their delightful library. The new Boston Public Library had one in charge of a "custodian" who "regretted that it was made so much of a thoroughfare by grown ups who came to the library merely to see the paintings". The new Providence Public Library was to have a department for children. Mr. Dana pictured a room for children in the Denver Public Library with nobody in charge of it — not even an attendant to "watch" the children or the books. In Cleveland and Detroit one could see the modest beginnings of the constructive, well articulated library work with children to be found in those cities today. The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh had not yet unfolded its plans for children in a system of branch libraries upon which Edwin H. Anderson was at work. Dr. John S. Billings had but just come to shape a dream for one of the great libraries of the world in the city of New York. The Brooklyn Public Library did not then exist.

I cannot say that I was thrilled by what I saw and heard of library relations with children and their books at this time. One heard so little of children as children, of books as books. So much more of methods of counting children or books, of paying fines as "debts of honor", of discipline, of devices for getting "desirable books" read or for "keeping children off the street", of theories concerning the moral effect of having certain books on the shelves.

There was cocksureness of judgment that "the street" was invariably a bad place in which to be, and that the effect of certain books on "plastic young minds" could be set down as a matter of general measurement. How can they *know?* I wondered. How dare

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they think they know? But they did know, and Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were not considered, outside of a few libraries, fit companions for boys and girls.

"If Mr. Clemens cannot think of something better to tell our pure-minded lads and lasses he had best stop writing for them", Louisa Alcott had said when "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" was published; and consciously or unconsciously, American librarians of the eighties had imbibed the sentiment. Hotfoot they were chasing all "undesirable books" out of their libraries or setting up "standards" that placed a premium on the writing of books which Miss Alcott herself characterized as "moral pap for the young".

And over in England Mrs. Ewing, creator of "Jackanapes" and "Jan of the Windmill", lay dying — her sense of humor and instinct for beauty keen to the end. "One of the very few books that she still likes to have read aloud to her", wrote her sister, "is 'The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn'; the dry humour of it — the natural way in which everything is told from a boy's point of view — and the vivid and beautiful description of river scenery all charmed her."

Did that fine tribute ever reach Mark Twain, I wonder. If so, it must have brought joy to his lonely heart. But there were librarians then, as now, who felt the charm, the intrinsic value of books, and trusted in their art to point new ways to truth and beauty undefiled by self righteous admonitions. Who can doubt it who looks through the finely chosen lists of Caroline Hewins from 1882 to date, or remembers that Frederick Crunden made the St. Louis Public Library a pioneer in the circulation of "Mother Goose" and believed that public libraries should buy all the best picture books for the use of children under ten years old — a tradition preserved and generously extended to all children by his successor, Arthur E. Bostwick. In a memorable drive through Belle Isle Park in a victoria, Mary Dousman of Milwaukee and I discovered that books read in boyhood still lived, sharp and clear, in the memories of Samuel Swett Green of Worcester and Senator Stout of Wisconsin. Boys and their books were of living interest to men like these. It accounted for what they were doing in the places where they lived before "Boys' Week" was even thought of.

Detroit was still Detroit in the mid-nineties — very beautiful and romantic was the whole region through which we journeyed to Mackinac, and those who were historians or poets rent the veil of American history and widened the view for the rest of us for all the years to come. But still I felt singularly reluctant to lay hold upon library work itself at any given point. Deciding to see a little more of the world first, I plunged down under Niagara Falls and on through the Mohawk Valley to Boston to think it all over on Beacon Hill. Three days later came a telegram offering me the headship of the new children's room of the Pratt Institute Free Library, with freedom to develop its work on lines of my own initiative. Why not give the children a good time with books for a year and see what comes of it? said I in substance, and I wired my acceptance, for one year only.

And there in Brooklyn, under the combined influence of active daily companionship with children of all ages, sizes, nationalities, and propensities, and the daily necessity of enlarging and reenforcing a selection of books which had been carefully made according to Mary E. Burt's "Literary Landmarks",

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Drawn by Benda for "The Century Magazine" and here reproduced from the original, now hanging in the New York Public Library

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I began to sense the challenge presented by that headless children's room in Denver described by Mr. Dana in an article published in "The Outlook" for September 26, 1896.

The children of the Denver Public Library had been in possession of a room of their own for two years — a room with six thousand books on open shelves, two reading tables with chairs, and an attendant's desk with no one in charge of it.

The plan of leaving children alone with books, to "tumble about in a library", taking their own unaided choice of books to a general charging desk in another room, seemed feasible and economical to many librarians and trustees of that time. It was working well in Denver. Why shouldn't it work anywhere?

On the third floor of an old house in Delancey Street I had already seen why such a plan would not work in New York. There, in a small room, with few books but radiant with life, and beautiful with flowers and growing plants, I first saw that children in libraries do not feed on books alone. I felt the full power of the speaking voice and I saw how possible it was to impart to children fresh from cities and villages of the Old World the art of behaving naturally in a new country, and the simple duty of facing its daily obligations in a familiar place if one held a clear sense of what it was all about.

And in the streets below — streets lined with the pushcarts of their fathers — I saw what it meant to have a library room, not "to keep the children off the streets", but a room from which children brought back to the streets of their city new dreams, aspirations, and desires.

Helen Moore had given a vivid factual account of the work she was doing in the University Settlement Library when she read her annual report before a joint meeting of the New York Library Club and State Association. But seeing her in action there, assisted by two devoted young Jews — college boys who lived in the neighborhood, knew its traditions, and faced the future with the children of the next generation — was to see a library come alive in very truth, and I returned to it again and again for inspiration.

Is there any sound reason, I asked myself at the end of my experimental year, why well defined instincts for independent investigation and research might not find a new and profitable field in a definitely organized department of library work with children growing out of knowledge of the needs of the children and comparative study of their books with books in general? Might not such a department justify its existence economically by its potential power to educate, in a new way, not the children alone but all concerned with children and childhood, the writers, artists, publishers, salesmen of their books no less than their parents, teachers, and librarians?

Since then, branch library systems with special training for work with children, school libraries and county libraries, have been established*, book wagons have passed over mountains and along the sea walls. Wladyslaw Benda has drawn a picture of the East Side children as he saw them the year the New York Public Library opened its central building. The children's library idea has been taken to many far countries, and it has been given unique and complete expression at home in the form of a beautiful little

*Library Work With Children, selected by Alice I. Hazeltine of the St. Louis Public Library. H. W. Wilson Company. Contains the leading articles published in professional journals between 1876 and 1915.

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building designed purely for children, in memory of Robert Bacon, at Westbury, Long Island.

The interesting selection of books for this library was made by Mrs. Bacon herself, assisted by the children's department of the New York Public Library, and it is constantly enriched by the new-old treasures she brings home whenever she travels abroad. Here is a model which is neither static nor institutional in conception or appearance, suggestive alike to large library or small, to school or bookshop, to children or their parents — a children's library with a purely personal appeal to anybody living anywhere to sit down and read in it without loss of sunshine or the sight of green fields. Upstairs is an attic where stories are told, and outside a pool where thirsty birds flying over Long Island pause in their flight to drink.

We have traveled far and we have seen much and we have learned that a children's library will grow only to the extent that it is informed by skilled service, a generous selection of good books, and imbued with the spirit of a spacious and timeless childhood.

LATE AFTERNOON, CARCASSONNE

By Helen Poteat Stallings

THERE are sheep in the moats
As the sun goes down,
Grazing in the clover
With a peaceful sound.

Swallows in white vests
Float among the towers.
The old walled sundial
Has forgot the hours.

Out from the city wall
Down a rocky way,
A ragged goose boy
Seeks the end of day.

His grey geese chatter
And lift their heads high,
Over the battlements
Black bats fly.

There are sheep in the moats
As the sun goes down,
Grazing in the clover
With a peaceful sound.

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THE NEW YORKER

Two Plays by C. K. Munro—The Season becomes Summery—High Kicking by the Theatre Guild—Delightful Iolanthe—Spanish Comedy—A Dismal Revival—A Couple of Farces and a Concert

OFF and on through the season there were rumors of the work of C. K. Munro, an Irish playwright, rumors of its excellence, the brilliant character studies it contained, its qualities as entertainment, and the like, until no little excitement was worked up over this unknown who had not yet favored our shores with a sample of what he could do. Where the press agents left off the Theatre Guild began, and produced for the last number of its subscription season "At Mrs. Beam's".

Francis B. Bradley and Sigourney Thayer opportunely selected this moment to present "Beau-Strings", another of Mr. Munro's plays, so that New York had the almost unprecedented spectacle of two plays by the same author literally appearing simultaneously since they opened on the same night. It afforded an excellent opportunity to study the playwright's work.

First off it must be admitted that Mr. Munro sticks closely to his pattern. A glimpse of the two plays on successive evenings makes it evident that, having found a satisfactory group of characters, he does not intend to drop them. His taste runs to meddlesome spinsters, idiotic young men, and middle aged ladies whose deafness requires that each speech be repeated twice. Whether they were worth repeating is a question which might well be raised; certainly it was not necessary on account of their obscurity. Each *bon mot* had a lucid simplicity about it which seemed quite comprehensible the first time to an audience of average intelligence. No one in our row at any rate was hissing, "Whatseesay?"

Mr. Munro doesn't seek widely different milieus for his settings either. "At Mrs. Beam's" is laid in a London boarding house of the Bloomsbury type and "Beau-Strings" runs its course in a country hotel where the same sort of people can comfortably congregate. Both plays concern themselves with women who, presumably because of their unmarried state, are more or less violently interested in the men with whom they are associated, their pasts, presents, futures, and particularly their wives or lady loves. The latter with the intention of detaching them one from the other. Sex intrigue is only vaguely suggested in either case; it is rather the thwarted mother instinct which drives Miss Gee and Miss Shoe, the two unattractively named females, into their pallid and meaningless indiscretions. And they would be powerless if Mr. Munro had not made their victims as completely asinine as is possible. Even Mr. Dermott who triumphs in Mrs. Beam's boarding house comedy is hardly a convincing person, and he is forced to wave a sword valiantly in the last scene in order to gain conviction.

Mr. Munro's plays are delightfully suave, a situation hesitates and revolves about the turn of a word, and curtains

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descend gently on delicately satirical situations where a glance is more ironic than a cutting speech; but for all the entertainment which both plays afford you leave the theatre wishing that the playwright had put a little more body into his work. Both comedies would probably be considered weaker were it not for the excellent casts which support them. In "At Mrs. Beam's" Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are a host in themselves, and in "Beau-Strings" we think Estelle Winwood did some of the finest work of her career.

There is one thing, however, for which we shall be eternally grateful to C. K. Munro. He has been the means of introducing to the New York theatre Jean Cadell, an English actress, who as Miss Shoe in "At Mrs. Beam's" stepped quietly into the thin front rank of comédiennes. Her performance was characterized by a flawless technique which met every demand made upon it. She took a humdrum person and cast a glamourous spell of humor over her. One laughed when she spoke and laughed when she was silent, then checked the laughter hurriedly, fearing to miss a word when she spoke again. We do not know what Miss Cadell can do in other rôles, but in this one she gave as intelligent and as perfectly balanced an interpretation as we have ever seen.

At some time during the past month a change came over the theatrical season. It is difficult to state the exact night on which it happened, but suddenly the producing of plays, from being a serious business, became a casual performance with no great issue at stake. Producers adopted a take-it-or-leave-it attitude, audiences were inclined to be tolerantly amused at anything, and the actors, many of them, were distinctly guilty of romping. It was as if the pall of a heavy and desperately strenuous winter had been lifted, and with it tautened nerves relaxed. The summer season is on. Plays of no importance are being offered lightheartedly, their producers secure in the knowledge that they don't cost much anyway, and that if they fail to fill the houses something else of the same sort will. When the thermometer outside mounts to ninety, people will sit through anything if the theatre be cool enough.

The surest indication of summer was the première of "The Garrick Gaieties" which the Theatre Guild is presenting for its second year. This revue is built along familiar lines. There are the burlesques of popular plays and plays not so popular, little skits of life as it never was, "Burglary à la mode" and "Home Sweet Home"; there are the usual songs, sentimental or comic, and a chorus which dashes through the primary steps with much abandon and not much balance. Our chief impression of the cast was that of youth, which is after all a pleasant thing even though it is an accident. These young people compose the mobs in the Guild's more serious plays; they are the maids, the lackeys, the lions, and whatnot who stalk through those scenes where the stars are resting, and in the spring they have the opportunity to turn stars themselves. Their performance, to be honest, is rather collegiate, but that is to be expected in a group whose mean age we figured at twenty one years, four months, and five days even through grease paint. At least they have the vim and dash that is usually lost with experience.

There is a tendency on the part of this "Garrick Gaieties" to call attention in song and quip to the fact that this show is not so good as last year's. Whether the young performers were seeking denials we do not know, but we

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would be the last to disagree with them. This show is not so good. The first half is pretty poor stuff but it gets better until the final curtain, which is rung down with quite a bang. We particularly liked in a large cast Edith Meiser and Romney Brent whose performances were entirely polished and sophisticated.

Winthrop Ames presented "Iolanthe", one of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, a day too late to be included in last month's report; but when we had seen it we knew it would be running long enough to be mentioned this month, the month after, and probably the month after that. Here is genius in producing. "Iolanthe" is perhaps the least interesting work of W. S. Gilbert, and Sullivan's music has none of those hits which linger on year after year as in "Pinafore" or "The Mikado". Nevertheless Mr. Ames has managed to cast the magic of his directing over the play, which is packing the theatre night after night. We do not remember when we have so much enjoyed an evening. Ernest Lawford is really funny in the rôle of the Lord Chancellor, Lois Bennett makes a pretty Phyllis, and William Williams sings the part of Strephon, an Arcadian shepherd, quite as it should be sung. It is only fair to say, however, that all the rest of the cast are equally good. We are sure you will like "Iolanthe".

For its last bill of the season the Neighborhood Playhouse offered "The Romantic Young Lady", described as a gentle comedy from the Spanish of G. Martínez Sierra. We went to see it with some reluctance, not because we have anything against either Spaniards or gentle comedies, but simply because we do not like that trip to Grand Street. We have convinced ourself by timing it that it does not take any longer than a trip to the Martin Beck Theatre, for instance; nevertheless we balk at it every time. We hope that eventually the Neighborhood Playhouse will decide to settle in some other neighborhood. Certainly its work this last year deserves a more convenient theatre. Anywhere between the forties and the sixties on either side of town would suit us admirably, although our opinion has not been asked.

In this case, however, our effort was well rewarded. We would not willingly have missed "The Romantic Young Lady". It is all as light as the puff of air which blows the hero's hat through a window one Spanish night and almost to the feet of the heroine who is sitting

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Savonarola" by Charlotte Eliot (London: Cobden-Sanderson). T. S. Eliot's mother writes genuinely and beautifully on an historic theme.

"Lonesome Road" by Paul Green (McBride). Unusual plays on the popular negroid theme.

"Lilith" by George Sterling (Macmillan). The Pacific coast poet speaks dramatically.

"The Game of Love and Death" by Romain Rolland (Holt). A reading play — and fine reading. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks.

"Some Contemporary Dramatists" by Graham Sutton (Doran). Excellent essays on current dramatic figures.

"The Scenewright" by Andre Smith (Macmillan). A useful practical handbook on the making of models and settings.

"The Nursery Maid of Heaven" by Thomas Wood Stevens (Appleton). Six fanciful short pieces for the little theatre.

"Pomp" by Sada Cowan (Brentano). Grim studies of life in the form of seven one act plays.

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there in the darkness deploring the fact that she has not the freedom of her wandering brothers. How the hero is a Personage in disguise, how the girl gets her hair tangled in the buttons of his coat — needless to say she is not bobbed — and how this starts her forth on a romantic quest, are told with a suave humor that is delightful. Mary Ellis is always pleasing, but we were particularly impressed with the work of Dorothy Sands as the old duenna who has buried three husbands, and with Paula Trueman who as Irene is about to acquire one.

The revival of Charles Rann Kennedy's old play, "The Servant in the House", with Walter Hampden in the rôle of Manson, left us feeling decidedly unhappy. As we remember the play years ago, with Forbes-Robertson in the leading rôle, it was a dramatic and emotional triumph which quite swept us off our feet. If our memory serves us, it was considered a bit daring then to have Christ impersonated on the stage, and that is probably the trouble with it now. We have an idea that Mr. Hampden was a trifle overawed by his rôle and that in consequence he played it in the most conventional and orthodox manner possible. The result was unfortunate. His Son of Man became a figure lifted from a stained glass window without life or warmth. If ever a rôle needed the human touch to make it really live, this rôle does. As it is, it suggests nothing but an austere and dignified personality who is somewhat repellent.

Several lighter pieces were offered for inspection, some of which passed out in record time. Among those that linger are "Pomeroy's Past" in which Ernest Truex, ably assisted by Laura Hope Crews, is nightly convulsing the audience, and "The Sport of Kings" which seemed to us a shade funnier. This latter is sheer farce. In it O. P. Heggie, who likes to appear in improbable parts, does a puritanical person with a penchant for horse racing on the side. His entire household including his young children and the cook have the same weakness, and with this groundwork to start on Major Ian Hay Beith, the playwright, piles up the situations. That many of them are well worn, if not tattered, is nothing to his discredit. They still pay their way with laughs and nobody has copyrighted them.

A concert of American music by American artists was given at Carnegie Hall during the month. Such old favorites as Madame Charles Cahier sang and John Powell played. Ruth Breton played the violin and Fred Patton, a baritone, sang. Mr. Powell played his own variations and fugue for the piano and five pieces by MacDowell. Madame Cahier sang a group of songs the best of which were by John Alden Carpenter. In fact, it seemed to us that the performers were forced to lean very heavily on MacDowell and Carpenter to eke out the afternoon. It made one realize how very scanty are the American composers of merit. Excellent though the artists were, after two hours or more of them it became apparent that their program was thin. This arranging of an all American performance seems to us to have no reason to it. If there is anything that is internationalized, it is music. The work of one man becomes the heritage of all people. Art can be localized in a geographical sense only through a country's folk songs and these, the one thing that would have made this program significant, were lacking. There were no folk songs, either Negro spirituals or adaptations of Indian chants.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and THE BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.

THE RIM OF THE PRAIRIE — Bess Streeter Aldrich — *Appleton.* Little people in a little town are described with affectionate appreciation.

A BRAZILIAN TENEMENT — Aluizio Azevedo — *McBride.* Life in a crowded, strident back alley of Rio de Janiero in the eighties, translated so vividly that all the savor of this lusty and ironic narrative is preserved.

THE BLUE WINDOW — Temple Bailey — *Penn.* Miss Bailey's perennial springtime romance — fresh and unspoiled.

CAT'S CRADLE — Maurice Baring — *Doubleday, Page.* Though Mid-Victorian in time and style, it holds the reader by a peculiar, elusive charm.

THE BREEZE IN THE MOONLIGHT — translated from the Chinese by George Soulié de Morant; done into English by H. Bedford-Jones — *Putnam.* This anonymous novel of the fourteenth century, revealing as it does the sophistication, the polish, and the sublime humor of the Chinese, is recommended as a literary model for present day realists.

SPANISH FAITH — Francis R. Bellamy — *Harper.* Blood and thunder in the days of Spain's western empire.

ASHE OF RINGS — Mary Butts — *A. and C. Boni.* Postwar neuroticism among the youth of England — a combination of brilliance and hysteria.

HANGMAN'S HOUSE — Donn Byrne — *Century.* A love story in the grand manner, with highly poetical phraseology and event en route to a surprising conclusion.

*THE SILVER STALLION — James Branch Cabell — *McBride.* Another volume in Mr. Cabell's masterly epic of grandiose unreality.

MARY CHRISTMAS — Mary Ellen Chase — *Little, Brown.* An understanding picture of an Armenian lady turned pedler — apparently a tribute to a happy childhood memory.

DUSK OF DAY — Catherine Clark — *Seltzer.* A soppy story of extravagant nobility and equally artificial brutality.

THE SUNKEN GARDEN — Nathalia Crane — *Seltzer.* The child prodigy has an adolescent spree. (*See page 596*).

THE UNKNOWN GODDESS — Ruth Cross — *Harper.* An amazing young lady proves herself too big for a small town.

WHEN THE FIGHT BEGINS—Holman Day — *Small, Maynard. Per aspera ad astra* might be the motto of this description of the development of a selfish lawyer into a devout lover.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* A father-son story as original as it is moving.

THE CONNOISSEUR — Walter de la Mare — *Knopf.* Delicate, expert tales by a master craftsman. (*See page 594.*)

DELIGHT — Mazo de la Roche — *Macmillan.* Delicious Cockney characterization centred about a Cockney Helen of Troy.

LOVE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE — Floyd Dell — *Doran.* The sentiments of Bohemia in gay and wistful array.

THE LAND OF MIST — A. Conan Doyle — *Doran.* A great story teller takes a trip into the unknown.

*AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* Detail upon detail unfolds the life story of a man born to be hanged.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The greatest of all professional beauties shown to be human, in spite of her famous face.

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AFTER NOON — Susan Ertz — *Appleton.* A charming gentleman, pleasantly snapping conversation, a brace of comely daughters, and an admirable American widow combine to make an excellent soufflé.

THE HIGH ADVENTURE — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* Fantastic story of mystery, love, and adventure on this author's own highway.

MASTERSON — Gilbert Frankau — *Harper.* A man grapples with modernity in a somewhat sophisticated novel.

*SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* This father-daughter story, now in its second year, still maintains its hold.

*UNCHANGING QUEST — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* Panorama of soul struggles and events in a magnificent tale of modern Europe.

GLASS HOUSES — Eleanor Gizycka — *Minton, Balch.* Society as it probably isn't portrayed by one who unquestionably knows what it is.

HEAT — Isa Glenn — *Knopf.* A penetrating study of Americans in Manila. Its protagonist is the tropic climate, which has its way with Tom Vernay's soul.

THE CRATER — Robert Gore-Browne — *Doran.* A triangle in Africa strongly portrayed.

ADAM'S BREED — Radclyffe Hall — *Doubleday, Page.* Full blooded and subtle study of a young Italian's search for God.

HONK! — Doris F. Halman — *Stokes.* An unusual and charming romance of European travel unconventionally undertaken.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING — Cosmo Hamilton — *Doubleday, Page.* Short length theatrical tale about Charles II and an adventure more or less high in the Low Countries.

COUNT BRUGA — Ben Hecht — *Boni, Liveright.* Fantastic satirical detective yarn about a minor poet and other criminals, for literate adults.

CHIMES — Robert Herrick — *Macmillan.* An engrossing study of the American scene as played in a midwestern university.

A NEW NAME — Grace Livingston Hill — *Lippincott.* The regeneration of the dissipated young man through a motor accident and a Sunday School class.

GUN GOSPEL — W. D. Hoffman — *McClurg.* King Colt rules in this Wild West novel which follows the best traditions of the old Beadle library.

ROUNDABOUT — Nancy Hoyt — *Knopf.* An airy romance whose lightness is sometimes laid on with a heavy hand.

*TWO OR THREE GRACES — Aldous Huxley — *Doran.* Wise, subtle, brilliant characterization. Mr. Huxley's most mature fiction. (*See page 594.*)

THREE KINGDOMS — Storm Jameson — *Knopf.* Modern womanhood faces its inevitable problems without any startlingly modern conclusions.

THE GREAT VALLEY — Mary Johnston — *Little, Brown.* The settling of the Shenandoah Valley is graphically treated in Miss Johnston's most popular style.

WHELP OF THE WINDS — Rufus King — *Doran.* Man and dog story that has the swinging drama of Jack London.

MANTRAP — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* The great novelist takes a running jump into the wilds and gambols there engagingly.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* A lady of light hair and virtue discusses life and man with naive humor.

FLECKER'S MAGIC — Norman H. Matson — *Boni, Liveright.* A modern fantasy, with an urgent note of reality, in which Spike Flecker discards a dream of power for the simple, tangible omnipotence of love.

THE SMOKING LEG — John Metcalfe — *Doubleday, Page.* For those who like to have their feelings harrowed and who revel in horridly unpleasant scenes, these stories will be welcome.

HEARTS OF HICKORY — John Trotwood Moore — *Cokesbury.* Sentiment throbbing around the life of upstanding Andrew Jackson.

*THUNDER ON THE LEFT — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* Fictional assertion that life is not so golden as its dreams.

*PIG IRON — Charles G. Norris — *Dutton.* A fine study of disillusionment in success. Affords an interesting comparison with the novels of Frank Norris.

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THE BLACK FLEMINGS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Romance under the eyes of family portraits — as glamourous a tale as Mrs. Norris has written in several seasons.

AT TOP OF TOBIN — Stanley Olmsted — *Dial.* A story of the North Carolina mountains, convincing to the outsider and readable to anyone.

*THE GOLDEN BEAST — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Original, exciting — a book heartily recommended for idle hours.

*WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* Farm life given the touch of a young girl's fancy.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Woman's view of man's helpless acerbities.

THE WINDY HILL — Jennings Perry — *Simon, Schuster.* An interesting study of a *femme fatale* and how she "played God" with her men.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* We can learn lessons from aviaries as well as swamps, it seems.

THE QUEERNESS OF CELIA — Amélie Rives — *Stokes.* Celia's queerness consists mainly in not knowing when she is in love — but it's the kind of book where she finds out before it's too late.

THE HOUSEMAID — Naomi Royde-Smith — *Knopf.* Astute psychological observation among British domestics and their employers.

THE LION'S SKIN — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* The latest Sabatini thriller, this time concerning the followers of the unfortunate King James.

BEATRICE — Arthur Schnitzler — *Simon, Schuster.* "Reigen's" author has made another profound study of sex urge.

THE RED GODS CALL — C. E. Scoggins — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Journalistic romance of southern America. (*See page 597.*)

THE TRAIL OF GLORY — Leroy Scott — *Houghton Mifflin.* As a story this tale is successful, even without the advantage of the big handicap in its favor that no tennis fan can afford to miss it.

THE NEST — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* A group of short stories interesting chiefly as an indication of the strides made, since they were written, by the author of "The Little French Girl".

SHEPHERD EASTON'S DAUGHTER — Mary J. H. Skrine — *Longmans, Green.* Except for the charge of over-saintliness to which Dorcas and her family are liable, this is a credible and beautiful presentation of a cross section of English peasant life.

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING — Sylvia Thompson — *Little, Brown.* Youth of the war and after shown again in process of emotional disentanglement.

THE BLIND GODDESS — Arthur Train — *Scribner.* The author-lawyer, having forsaken law, turns to her for his new theme and achieves a happy marriage of his vocations.

JORGENSEN — Tristram Tupper — *Lippincott.* Ungainly, limping at times, yet on the whole a worthwhile tale.

ONE LITTLE MAN — Christopher Ward — *Harper.* A sympathetic biography of a second rater.

OBERLIN'S THREE STAGES — Jacob Wassermann — *Harcourt, Brace.* Metaphysics, mysticism, and psychology in a confused and disappointing novel from the author of "The World's Illusion".

HERE AND BEYOND — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Fine stories of now and of the world hereafter.

BLACK INCENSE — Mrs. A. M. Williamson — *Doran.* The tables and châteaux of Monte Carlo furnish colorful material for adroit tale-spinning.

GYPSY DOWN THE LANE — Thames Williamson — *Small, Maynard.* Careless, birdlike life is portrayed on a broad canvas in glowing colors.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* Romance in high fettle — as fresh and rugged as mountains in winter.

THE VENGEANCE OF HURRICANE WILLIAMS — Gordon Young — *Doran.* The writer of sea stories presents another dazzling thriller.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Washington Square" by Henry James (A. and C. Boni). New edition of one of James's masterpieces.

2. "Zuleika Dobson" by Max Beerbohm (Modern Library). This amazing and brilliant light novel in a pocket edition.

3. "A Poetry Recital" by James Stephens (Macmillan). New poems added by one of the finest lyricists of modern times.

4. "What's O'Clock" by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin). The Pulitzer Prize was awarded posthumously to this volume of rare beauty and warmth.

5. "Limbo" by Aldous Huxley (Doran). One of Huxley's most popular books. It is brilliant and bizarre.

Two English Artists

AS Aldous Huxley becomes more definite in his fiction, Walter de la Mare seems to be more and more overcome by the vague. Mr. Huxley's new volume, "Two or Three Graces" (Doran), exhibits some of his finest prose, and the same thing is true of Mr. de la Mare's; but whereas one can follow the path readily through Huxley's pages, I found myself lost in the beauties of de la Mare's mystical paragraphs. "Two or Three Graces" is a short novel in which Mr. Huxley draws an enchanting picture of a lady named Grace, who is thoroughly feminine — and magically inconsistent, therefore. He shows her breaking from the cocoon of respectability and finding love in unexpected places. The author, holding himself in the background, fills his book with wise, scintillating comments on human beings of social inclinations. His portrait of John Peddley, a bore first and last, is masterly. Surely there is no more difficult task than making a bore amusing, and that Huxley has done for several of his characters. This is, however, in some respects a mellower Huxley, more amusing too, if less bitter. His pictures of those with — to use his own phrase — "neurococo sentiments" are as keen, brilliant, and devastating as any to be found in the social satire of our period. Do you not find in this paragraph a gentle wisdom as well as a sardonic grin:

> From the first Catherine and Grace were friends. Grace admired Catherine for her coolness, her quiet efficiency, her reliableness; admired and liked her. Catherine's affection for Grace was protective and elder-sisterly; and at the same time, she found Grace slightly comic. Affections are not impaired by being tempered with a touch of benevolent laughter. Indeed, I would almost be prepared to risk a generalisation and say that all true affections are tempered with laughter. For affection implies intimacy; and one cannot be intimate with another human being without discovering something to laugh at in his or her character. Almost all the truly virtuous characters in fiction are also slightly ridiculous; perhaps that is because their creators were so fond of them. Catherine saw the joke — the rather pathetic joke — of Grace. But she liked her none the less; perhaps even the more. For the joke was appealing; it was a certain childishness that raised the laugh.

The other sketches of the book, especially "Fairy Godmother", are triumphs of quiet irony. There are few writers of English prose today who can produce an effect of brilliance with such economy, a fine characterization with strokes so sure.

"The Connoisseur" (Knopf) is a different matter. Here the prose is as lovely, but clouded; the psychology, drifting in the abnormal, is constantly

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puzzling. Walter de la Mare can always create with genius an atmosphere of mental terror. His ability to portray the atmosphere which surrounds people, their own mental atmosphere, is uncanny. I liked most the story "Missing". Perhaps the stories in this volume could best be described as detective stories of the soul. The mystery of human behavior enraptures Mr. de la Mare. If he sacrifices clarity, he perhaps gains in artistic beauty. In this last volume, I am not quite sure that he is always successful.

Wise Gentlemen

WHEN Grant Overton of "Collier's" and Michael Joseph of Curtis Brown, Ltd. put their pens together to produce advice to the author, you may be sure wisdom and experience result. "The Commercial Side of Literature" (Harper) is a straightforward, honest presentation of facts which beginning authors will probably not care to believe but which constitute really all that an author needs to know about the mechanical side of his craft. The material is presented without snobbery by two men who, themselves artists, throw aside the artistic considerations of their craft and give us the business side forcefully and well. Mr. Overton's chapter on the American market is a masterpiece of fatherly wisdom and practical truth. From the publisher's and editor's standpoint it is impossible that the author, or the public for that matter, should know too much about the practical side of writing. The legends about writers and their ways, about publishers and their ways, are so wide of the mark as to breed ignorance which complicates the actual work of publishing houses and editorial offices to an unbelievable degree. I quote with joy Mr. Joseph's paragraphs:

> When writing to publishers, above all be brief and to the point. A letter of some kind should accompany the MS., but only to state formally — and *briefly* — that you herewith submit your MS. (give title, nature of the book — *e.g.*, whether a novel or a travel book) and that you await his decision, and are his faithfully. The publisher doesn't want the history of the book, nor a recital of the motives that prompted you to write it. It is of no advantage to state proudly that it is your "first attempt at literary work of any kind" (I quote from a typical letter).
>
> Of course, if circumstances are exceptional, it may be necessary to give the publisher some details. But there is nothing exceptional in writing a book — ask any publisher! — and unless explanations are absolutely essential, it is generally unwise to make your preliminary letter more than a merely formal one.

Nathaniel Hawthorne Reappears

WITH an introduction by Clifford Smyth telling how this lost manuscript was retrieved, "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer" (Funk, Wagnalls) forms not only one of the most interesting literary curiosities of the year, but also a valuable historical document, a first hand account of certain phases of the War of 1812. It is the diary of an unknown, written in simple narrative prose, and edited by no less a person than Hawthorne. Dr. Smyth has this to say of the probable authorship of the story:

> As to the authorship, this narrative of a Dartmoor prisoner is most emphatically not by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Since the latter was eight years old in 1812 he can hardly be suspected of having served as an officer on board a privateer in the War of 1812, nor of having suffered imprisonment at that time, first in Barbadoes and afterwards in the first Dartmoor Prison, England. If there were any doubt as to that, the manuscript of the hitherto unpublished portion of the narrative gives conclusive evidence, since it is decidedly not in Hawthorne's handwriting.

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Who, then, was this unknown author? The story itself gives a very good reason for his sustained anonymity in the fact that he indulged in criticism, intimate allusions — without mentioning names — of persons taking part in the War of 1812 that would not have been possible had the author's identity been known. Hawthorne himself, who was of a seafaring family, and who must have come repeatedly in contact with scores of old mariners whose yarns were worth listening to, was the very man of all others to pick up just such a manuscript either from some adventurous relative or some Salem crony who had the gift of writing as well as the more artless art of the raconteur. Doubtless, at the time of their serial publication, in 1846, there were those in Salem who could hazard a pretty good guess as to whose "Papers" those were that their young townsman, "Nat" Hawthorne, the son of old Captain Nathaniel Hawthorne, was editing. But the guess, if it was ever made, has not come down to us.

Happily, however, a cousin of Hawthorne's, Miss Rebecca Manning, still survives him in the old family homestead on Dearborn Street, Salem. As Miss Manning is now ninety-one years of age, has always lived in Salem, and is blessed with a remarkably keen memory, the following bit of testimony from her, received in answer to an inquiry regarding the possible authorship of the present volume, is of obvious significance: "Hawthorne's grandmother, Miriam (Lord) Manning, had a brother, John Lord, who was taken prisoner by the British, and confined in Dartmoor Prison." Altho Miss Manning writes further that she had never heard of any papers connected with John Lord, and that she probably would have heard of them if there had been such papers, one can not escape the feeling of a strong likelihood that in this great uncle of Hawthorne's we have the author of "The Yarn of a Yankee Privateer", the story of whose exploits finds its climax in Dartmoor Prison.

Miss Crane's Day Dreams

THE child prodigy attempts prose. Nathalia Crane, whose verses are singularly felicitous, and whose imagination is highly spiced, has written a romance which combines the learning of a classically minded child with a quite natural tendency to write like Bertha M. Clay. "The Sunken Garden" (Seltzer) is exactly the sort of book that a young girl would write if she could write — and she can, but not very well. Her poetry is as different from her story as if it were written by another person. Before each section of this luxurious romance she prints a verse of a poem. Compare the verse with the prose in the following:

Nature, for pastime, doth a coast bewitch,
Squeezes a promontory to a niche;
Puts in a tenant longing to be free,
Who straightway turns into an absentee.

and

Was the atavism of the eastern crags some primeval anachronism, a soul drawn from an ancient orbit of life through some kindly blunder of nature, or was the youth a super-biped, unknown to modern civilization, awaiting later advent into the recognized circles of modernity?

A titled English lady cast away on an island finds a beautiful youth descended from the lost children of the Crusades. What could be more entrancing than that? It is one of the first day dreams of any girl, I fancy. Miss Crane should grow up to be a writer of best sellers, for anyone interested in the psychology of appeal to women can find all the elements in this astounding tale. It would make an excellent motion picture, for a happier ending could easily be contrived, and the "atavism of the eastern crags" could be brought back to Mayfair, where I have no doubt that he would prove remarkably successful among the Iris Marches of that territory. Perhaps Miss Crane, after all, was wise in killing off her young hero, for she doubtless knew what a time Her Grace would have with her unusual consort once she had landed him in the land of Bernard Shaw and Noel Coward. In spite of the fact that the story might almost have been written by Carl Van Vechten on an off day, I should not like to have you gather from this review that Miss Crane's performance is uninteresting.

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Indeed no. It is a story which you will finish reading for several reasons. If you are not charmed by the illuminated vagaries of style, you will be held by the ability of a born story teller.

Accomplished Versifier

"CYCLOPS' EYE" (Harper) contains some exceedingly lovely verse. It contains some that is not so lovely; but it is all mature, considered, carefully finished, expert. I thought Mr. Auslander's "Sunrise Trumpets" one of the best volumes of verse published in America in some time. "Cyclops' Eye" is a better book, yet I do not like it so well. Individual poems are far better than any in the earlier volume, and among them is the lovely sonnet sequence which was awarded the Blindman Prize. It seems to me that Mr. Auslander is in danger of becoming somewhat too brittle in his more intellectual verse. I like him better when he lets go in vigorous rhythms such as those in "Steel" or "The Riveter". It is lines like the following which pull me up with an unpleasant start, although in themselves they are thoroughly admirable:

Night tapped at my temples, at my skin
Night was a needle, a piercing discipline;
The moon a tinkle of ice in a cool blue
glass. . .

The combination of classical inheritance and determined modernity in Auslander is the most interesting thing about him. The sheer pleasure to be derived from a reading of many of his poems should not be marred as he advances by a gathering intellectuality, which proves many a poet's thunder cloud. This book should be in every poetic library; with it Joseph Auslander makes a firm bid for the most serious consideration among American poets.

The Old Gods Inspire

IF you like old fashioned fiction written in excellent journalese, read "The Red Gods Call" (Bobbs-Merrill) by C. E. Scoggins. Mr. Scoggins writes of Latin America, and his entertaining characters are constantly involved in dismaying episodes with romantic villains. If he calls attention to the fact that we gather most of our impressions of his background from O. Henry, David Graham Phillips, or someone like that — I don't remember and I can't find the several references — it is equally true that his manner of telling a story is gathered from them. I like it; but it seems like stepping into a world of storytelling gone long since to pick up this volume. Now, I enjoyed the book, but it irritated me because I think its manner is definitely old fashioned in the worst sense. Nothing dates so quickly as the journalistic manner of a period. In the first place, the style is very early Rotarian, and the plot is constructed along lines which keep the reader constantly mystified about the smallest coming events, so that half the time he doesn't know where he is going or what he is doing. We have certainly gained in simplicity of presentation in our popular stories. Perhaps the motion picture has done this for us. Mr. Scoggins's Ben Murchison is amusing, romantic, and should please most men. This is a man's book, essentially. It is the sort of rollicking, adventuresome yarn with a revolutionary, political background that I like to pick up when the travel lust comes over me and I long for a little war to help out the office routine. But if Mr. Scoggins is going to write popular fiction, it is my humble opinion that he'd do well to write it in the modern manner — and I don't mean James Joyce either.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

HERE ARE ESSAYS

By Will Cuppy

A BOOK of essays underneath the bough — and you may keep your old luxuries. In such case thou and the jug would be equally superfluous, since one simply cannot read essays when all ginned up or otherwise engaged. That is why right minded castaways on desert islands should always choose ten books of essays for ballast. Even a bough, though charming enough in its way, is not at all essential.

And for that matter — to get down to business — neither is a desert island positively needful for reading the new spring volumes of essays by Joseph Conrad, Rose Macaulay, and Sherwood Anderson. Here, of course, are novelists turned essayists rather than true lineal descendants of Montaigne and Elia and such, a fact that will perhaps only serve to heighten the popular interest. As seems but reasonable, much of the distinctive quality of their novels comes through in their essays, which is as much as to say that these volumes are capable of entertaining a very extensive audience containing within itself seething groups of dissenters and scattering cases of fits. It would probably take a singularly gifted reader or a talented liar to swallow all three with equal relish.

Conrad's "Last Essays" are perhaps the most important, for one reason or another. Barring the likely chance of further discoveries and a more thorough gleaning of small items for future publication, the twenty pieces, mostly written after the appearance of "Notes on Life and Letters" in 1921, may be regarded as indeed the late master's final sheaf. Here are reminiscent essays in Conrad's best manner, some prefaces and miscellaneous shorts reverently gathered from newspapers and periodicals by Richard Curle. Best of all are half a dozen sea pieces which the editor has grouped together as comprising "the shadowy nucleus of a projected work" which might have formed a pendant volume to "The Mirror of the Sea".

All these are rich in interest for the general reader as well as for Conrad fans. Into one sentence the lover of old ships and long voyages under sail can pack an ancient sorrow, thus: "The world contains, or contained then, some people who could put up with a sense of peace for three months." To him the modern ocean liner is "an unpleasantly unsteady imitation of the Ritz Hotel". But you will find no sentimentalities here. Conrad confesses that "Christmas Days at sea are of varied character, fair to middling and down to plainly atrocious." Well he knew, and said so in the unfinished "Legends" upon which he was at work the day before his death, how frequently "the false which is often fatuous also creeps into a worthy or even noble story".

An unusual item is a book review written in 1904, which some busy editor seems to have discarded. And yet it is as good as most book reviews. Finally there is "The Congo Diary" kept by the author in 1890. At Matadi the diarist saw fit strangely to indite, "Prominent characteristic of the social life here; people speaking ill

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of each other." At Luasi his English slipped and he recorded that "there is much more trees". There remains in my mind this humble great man's worried wondering, after the completion of "The Nigger of the Narcissus", "who in the world could be interested in such a thing".

Coming to the controversial section, one may observe Rose Macaulay, in "A Casual Commentary", running amuck through the cosmos with a meat ax which I hope will produce very salutary effects. Starting out with an essay on "New Years" which I myself would not be caught dead trying to sell, she instantly comes to and gives a magnificent performance of purposeful wit at its most murderous. "Some Speculations on Human Creatures" is a much needed lambasting of us worms and our poor fuddled minds, so called. Much of it is cynical, more of it is pessimistic, most of it is the gospel truth, and all of it is superb entertainment.

In all of her 238 pages of furious Hades-raising I discovered but two blunders. She errs in stating that Presbyterians "do not have a very good time". She'd be surprised. And she is wrong about doctors. Who else, Miss Macaulay, would have cured my erysipelas? An essayist? The final section, helpfully entitled "Some Other Problems of Life", is burlesque on high gear. This includes sound and funny advice on the various professions masked with a sunny simplicity that would be imbecile if it were not genius. English editors are counseled never to write: "The people of Britain are wrong, as usual, the damned idiots. They never had any sense and probably never will have." Book reviewers are advised always to "try to sound more intelligent than you are", a hint which some may object to on the ground that a reviewer who does not know that already is too dumb to get a job in the first place.

"Let us suppose for a moment that your brain is not very highly developed", says Miss Macaulay at one point, and gradually works into her real feelings. It might be better for this author's reputation if she would try to be a little more owlish at times. She is getting herself disliked by prominent dullards. Indeed, rather than have this witty lady after my scalp I should be willing to take a chance with the devil himself. I suggest to all haters of right reason disguised as brilliant fun that they get together immediately and try to have Rose Macaulay hanged. But whatever she says is all right with me.

"Sherwood Anderson's Notebook" is something else again. It is probably not to my credit that I find in this author's works less than unalloyed delight. One must have been unduly prejudiced by his famous "An Apology for Crudity", here reprinted, in which he insists upon the importance of being crude. It is an old and a great divide. I am not so crazy about the slicks, either, but between the two of them, give me the slicks every time. The crudes we have with us always.

It would be easy for a malicious critic to point out in these notes, essays, and whatnots examples of that cleverness which Mr. Anderson seems to despise almost as much as slickness. For instance, "Every writer should say to himself every morning, 'I do not have to write. I can be a tramp.'" Now if one of the smarties had said that, it would be not only clever, but funny. It is, anyway. Again, "Popular fictionists are born, not made. You have to be that way." The context is serious, but the joke springs joyfully and unafraid, as nimble and spry as

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when it was first cracked. Most of the twenty nine notes are more solemn. They are fantasies, reflections, confessions (often amorous), and unclassified cerebrations of considerable weight and value, especially for admirers of Mr. Anderson's novels.

"I'll Say We've Done Well", an essay on Ohio, is a masterly piece of sustained, though obvious, irony. "A Meeting South", about a crippled poet, Aunt Sally, and real whisky, is beautiful. As for analyzing the author further, I am dissuaded by the statement, "I have never thought any of the critics who have dissected me have got me right." The difficulties of the profession, moreover, are startlingly proved by several of Mr. Anderson's own adventures in it. For him Gertrude Stein "represents something sweet and healthy in our American life". Sure, she does. Paul Rosenfeld is "actually unashamed of being fine and sensitive in his work". Right again. But Ring Lardner "is afraid of the highbrows. They scare him to death." Now why in the name of all that's crude should Ring Lardner be afraid of the highbrows? Still, you never can tell. They say the owl was a baker's daughter.

Last Essays. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page and Company.
A Casual Commentary. By Rose Macaulay. Boni and Liveright.
Sherwood Anderson's Notebook. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.

"SUMER IS Y CUMEN IN"

By Fairfax Downey

AND may I have prophesied as correctly as I have quoted. At the rather chilly moment of writing, there seems some doubt, owing to activities by Jupiter, the Sun Spotter, as we modern mortals swear. Nevertheless, as the Walrus didn't quite say, the time has come to speak of summery things — of golf, canoes and summer camps, of roses and the sport of kings.

Golf first. So many people put it in that place at this season. As it happens, this reviewer, whom the editor of THE BOOKMAN recently pictured as moving about golf courses, ceased with a cry of despair to do so fifteen years ago. He seemed congenitally inept at the game and could not have been born with a silver spoon or mashie, either, in his mouth. But when that inevitable moment arrives at which he must resume his efforts in the sport, he will ask no better preparatory reading than Grantland Rice's "The Duffer's Handbook of Golf", illustrated by Clare Briggs. The book instructs not only in how to play but in how not to play. Although the duffer knows the latter full well, his knowledge is often unconscious, and this handbook should help him to chase it out in the open and club it to death. We have here considerably more than a primer. The text, served with delicious condiments, the Briggs cartoons, is salted throughout with a saving sense of humor without which the very thought of golfing is impossible to this reviewer. May the book ameliorate that dufferdom which Mr. Rice believes warped Nero's disposition and was the true reason for Henry VIII's bad treatment of his wives!

The evolution of the duffer is highly dependent upon his environment. To that end, for the solution of the golf traffic problem, decidedly grave at times, and for the sake of the undeveloped golfing territories of these United States, Robert Hunter wrote "The Links". It is the alpha and omega of the new and flourishing profession of golf architect and should be on the list of collateral reading given out when-

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ever a little group of wilful men get together and begin to mention that a new country club is the greatest need of the community. Famous examples illustrate the planning of everything from that unhappy hunting ground which is the rough to that often rather delayed climax which is the green. Nature did a lot more for British links, but we, as Mr. Hunter points out, have the space and the ambition. All we have to do is lift her face. The result should be fine, sporting, irritating hazards.

"The Boys' Book of Canoeing" is tough on office morale, setting off as it does a premature burst of vacation urge. Probably Elon Jessup has no objection to its use as a men's book of canoeing as well. If so, I should like to mark the chapter on upstream paddling for the partner who sat in the stern on my last trip. The chapter on sailing canoes appeals, too. As for the trenchant words on canoeing safety — stepping in and out, changing places in midstream, etc. — must they be labeled for boys? I know, I knew, some girls . . .

Canoes are a prime symbol of the next book before me, "More About Summer Camps". In the past three years, four hundred and twelve of those worthy institutions have been on the trail taken by the author, Henry Wellington Wack. He would have camp training a part of the education of every member of the younger generation. And if it were, a great many less elders would be viewing the Y. G. with alarm.

Nobody ever asked this reviewer, "How does your garden grow?" That was a girl named Mary. But in common with her, he has a certain contrariness. Though he has much pleasure in flowers, he has no bent for growing them. Thereby, he is told and doubts it not, he misses the greater part of the joy in them. But he must confine himself to presenting to friends to whose gardens he may be invited such books as these. "Roses in the Little Garden" by G. A. Stevens, treating as it does of varieties the charm of which is evident even in the illustrative photographs, should, if properly placed, prove for him bread cast on the rose-waters. The thick volume, "Aristocrats of the Garden" by Ernest H. Wilson, may return some delightful surprises, since the author's visits to China, Japan, and the Antipodes have resulted in the blooming in America of many new and beautiful plants. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who writes so charmingly of gardens, says in her little book "In the Garden": "As long as one has a garden one has a future; and as long as one has a future one is alive." So may I have a future, albeit a vicarious one.

Last to racing, the sport of kings. With summer it is coming in to reach its heyday in the crispness of autumn. Next best to seeing a horse race is reading of one, and in "The Spell of the Turf" Samuel C. Hildreth, with fifty years of racing behind him, spins yarns from the days of the prairie tracks to Zev's victory over Papyrus. The odds are long in the book's favor.

The Duffer's Handbook of Golf. By Grantland Rice. The Macmillan Company.
The Links. By Robert Hunter. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Boys' Book of Canoeing. By Elon Jessup. E. P. Dutton and Company.
More About Summer Camps. By Henry Wellington Wack. The Red Book Magazine.
Roses in the Little Garden. By G. A. Stevens. Little, Brown and Company.
Aristocrats of the Garden. By Ernest H. Wilson. The Stratford Company.
In the Garden. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. The Medici Society.
The Spell of the Turf. By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell. J. B. Lippincott Company.

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THE RED SEA'S PARTING

By Ruth Hale

THE ablest, and the most refreshing, parts of Alice Beal Parsons's new book, "Woman's Dilemma", all come after the first third is passed, and they concern themselves not with the dilemma, but rather with the way that dilemma is ceasing to be. Mrs. Parsons says, though not too baldly, that already the releases of woman from her place in the home (that is, that part of her place there which is drudging and dull) are in the forming in woman's environment; that, in short, the waters of the Red Sea are giving some important signs of being about to roll back.

One is accustomed to much brilliant description of the onset of the Feminist movement. And of course, particularly lately, there have been some prodigious advances to describe. But Mrs. Parsons suggests, at least by indirection, that the emergence of a group is perhaps a little like the emergence of the chicken: it requires one good crack from the beak of the prisoner to set the business going, and then the shell falls apart of itself. She has the feeling — and I believe it is sound — that wherein the claims of the Feminists have been to the effect that their freedom would mean also a freeing of humanity as a whole, humanity has shared these views in the midst of its most strident verbal opposition, and apparently entirely unbeknownst to itself, has been steadily and inevitably working at the Feminist wheel.

It is even possible, one feels after reading Mrs. Parsons, that the whole Woman Rebellion has been, in the eyes of God, a Chantecler crowing to wake the sun, though Mrs. Parsons will probably forgive me if I find it impossible to come outright with any such admission. After all, none of us has the eye of God but God, and failing that, who is to be sure if we are Chantecler or the sunrise?

At any rate, no one can be less than cheered and heartened by that part of "Woman's Dilemma" describing the many developments in the world outside the home, all apparently independent of and indifferent to the actual Woman struggle, which will inevitably abet the purposes of that rebellion.

One feels a debt, too, to Mrs. Parsons's clear understanding of what a home is for, to her winnowing of its actual uses from its traditional ones; though it is easier for me to go with her in her first defense of the home than in her second. It is first, she says, to satisfy the deep human necessity for a place of individual shelter, which keeps the imprint of one's personality in one's absence, and reenforces that personality upon its return, so that one may re-centre and re-assemble in a decent privacy; and it is second for the perpetuation of the social moralities.

Perhaps I do not altogether understand her on this question of the social moralities. She herself says that many of them are cruel and faulty — and I think that many of them are terrible — and I should fancy that the last place to keep them would be in the admittedly conserving department of life. For roughly speaking, of course, this "home" of Mrs. Parsons's is primarily a place for hoarding. Energy does not flow, it pulses, so that even the boldest emprise is actually a sequence of little dashes, and what is done piecemeal must be welded after it is grasped.

Just as there must always be some kind of arena, so there must always be some kind of cave. Personality is destroyed in the absence of either. But I would rather have the *mores* in the arena. Let us deal with them in our

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vigor rather than in our rest. It is perilous to try to keep them — at least, to keep them for very long. But of course it is possible that I have misread Mrs. Parsons, and that even if I haven't she is right anyway.

Certainly she is beyond dispute in her feeling for the home on her first account — so obviously right about it that I cannot conceive of anybody who would not gratefully and instantly agree with her. Yet I cannot remember ever having read it before, or heard it said. Perhaps we live in a time too perturbed about the home — too resentful of many of its connotations — to have been able to clear our heads of their fumes.

It is, for instance, of the very essence of Mrs. Parsons's kind of home that it shall be a home alone — that is, not constantly solitary, but alone in that it belongs to one person only. If there is one square foot of anywhere where every living creature except yourself has the status of a guest, that is your home, and if there isn't, you haven't any.

You cannot even admit husband, wife, children, or parents. When you do, you have lost your home. You dare not let even your closest loved one be more than a blessed visitor. Now Mrs. Parsons does not say these things, that is, not exactly. But she forces me to deduce them. And she helps me to see that, in her sense of the word, women whose "place was in the home" are the very ones who have never had one, and are only now here and there acquiring homes because they have, first, money of their own making with which to buy them, and second, because, outside their homes, they are forging the identities to make these homes necessary.

I imagine that most women, who are constantly faced with the question "Would you not rather have a home of your own than all the careers in the world" and who find themselves answering, often to their great surprise, "Yes, I want a home of my own" are actually voicing this not feminine but human need. But it has been the misfortune of women that they were expected to be, not home possessors, but home makers and home keepers. In so far as they performed services within it for other persons, those were menial services, however highfalutin in externals. Mrs. Parsons will probably not be willing to grant me endless liberty in paraphrasing her, but I should like to say that the problem she left in my own mind as that predominatingly before all women, was not how or whether to get out of the home, but how in the world to get into one, and keep everybody else out.

Woman's Dilemma. By Alice Beal Parsons. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

THE ENGLISH MANNER

By Moran Tudury

SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS is the keynote of New England's character; she seems always to have been improving somebody. Whether this impression is due to her great number of reform movements or to the fact that her territory is dotted from end to end with strawberry-red brick, Christopher Wren churches, is not known. But the fact still remains that, rearing primly, she is everlastingly shaking a censorious forefinger.

This is one reason, perhaps, why her history is interesting. Repression, eventually, must breed reprisal. And controversy, necessarily, is impassioned. Throughout "New England in the Republic: 1776–1850" the careful, thoughtful study of James Truslow

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Adams is one of conflict — from the cheerful hubbub of the Revolution to the cold morality of the Abolitionists. One recalls the early New England scene in the wooden forms of Howard Pyle. She lacked, through no fault of her own it may be, the theatrical grace of Virginia. She was probably more human than Dutch New York, but that can hardly be termed an indiscretion. Her Revolutionary problem was something of a high pitched wrangle between senior and junior accountants and her sons died on a sunny hill for a cut in taxes. The lingering flavor is one rather of official solicitor's ink than warm human blood.

There was John Adams, as much as Washington perhaps a transplanted Englishman, and John Quincy Adams who had cold eyes and a frigid conception of political campaigning. There were, too, others: Doctor Franklin, with a suavity of manner which passes human belief and a marked ingenuity for flying scientific kites, and Fisher Ames who disliked Mr. Jefferson and made moving speeches. Later, of course, one glimpses Mr. Webster, but his warm eccentricities favor the suspicion that he must have been secretly imported from Kentucky — and Mrs. Stowe who, all too unknowingly, was to furnish the Duncan Sisters with a musical comedy vehicle seventy years later. After all this solemnity there is relief in the mild madness of frying pans that was Lord Timothy Dexter.

It is, possibly, an Anglo mania which has persisted over three hundred rigid years. Even the strenuous American gales do not disturb the English serenity of Harvard or the polite passions of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow. There remains the insistent note of tea drinking in the New England literary movements — some sort of indication, certainly, that matters can never very far be ungentlemanly. It is a pity that they never can. Her sons have straight, high shoulders and prefer rowing to epigrams; yet in New England the chief malady is essays. Patriotism there is more than a mere matter of course — it is a reason for holidays. And the cool reserve creates the mistaken impression that it is English patriotism and the orderly, chaste huzza of the Oxonian.

It is a strange coincidence that England's most vigorous rebel colony should have become such an efficient branch office for the home one's idiosyncrasies. One cannot help but wonder, occasionally, what Mr. Hancock must think as, with uplifted pen, he pauses over the signing of that much signed name. And through the slow lifting smoke haze which hangs so thickly over Bunker Hill, viewing the dead and the dying, one wonders if, after all, they did not die in vain.

New England in the Republic: 1776–1850. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown and Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

IT is too late now to mend the morals of the Salonières. Else those "women of brilliant talents who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers" might, or might not, discover something to their ethical advantage in S. G. Tallentyre's "The Women of the Salons" (Putnam). One learns therein that Julie de Lespinasse was "one of the saddest instances in history of the disaster that must needs ensue where the paramount idea of life is not duty — that duty which can make the most unfortunate passion not all ignoble, and teach one to build on the ruins of one's own hopes a temple meet for the gods." That of course is true enough, though indifferently expressed. One of Louise d'Epinay's gallantries proved to be the "old, shameful story, with the same end always". But Juliette Récamier seems "rather to have lived on the border of immorality than to have crossed it". One wonders why the author should have chosen to write of the ancient régime at all, unless to hold it up as a warning to others. Words like "coarse", "vile", and "decency" flow readily from her pen with the effect of obscuring rather than in any sense illuminating or interpreting the period. Mesdames du Deffand, Geoffrin, Necker, and de Staël, of known probity, prove more congenial subjects, while the writer's talent for swift portraiture appears as well in the sketches of Dr. Tronchin, the mother of Napoleon, Mme. de Sévigné, and Vigée Le Brun.

Two new volumes of interest have been recently added to "The To-day and To-morrow Series" (Dutton) in "Midas, or The United States and the Future" by C. H. Bretherton, and "Pegasus, or Problems of Transportation" by Colonel J. F. C. Fuller. The former work, although mainly prophetic in the views it advances of the civilization our country may have evolved a century hence, bases its argument judiciously upon the incontrovertible facts of the past and present as they foreshadow what seems bound to develop. "Pegasus" follows the same general method, tracing historically the rise of steam railway transportation during the hundred years of its existence, thereafter persuasively suggesting the dawn of inventions and improvements in modes of travel which seem likely to be future realities.

H. Ashton-Wolfe, English court interpreter, member of the Sûreté of both Paris and Monte Carlo and a member of the British diplomatic corps during the World War, has indeed led an eventful and thrilling life, and his notebook has served him well. In "The Underworld" (Doran) he has written, in a simple and direct style, of several of the most interesting cases in which he has been involved. All but four of the chapters relate stories of Continental crimes. Two are of crimes committed in England and one is of South America. Another chapter tells some of his experiences during the World War. While nearly all of the chapters contain at least a few real thrills, the most interesting to Americans would undoubtedly be the one in which the author tells how a holdup at Monte

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Carlo, planned by Big Jim Crowley, an American, was frustrated by a woman's screams. Nearly all of the stories are of unusual crimes, but Ashton-Wolfe is successful in pointing out to criminals of all kinds and types that they "can't win".

The greater portion of James Kerney's "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson" (Century) is devoted to that significant decade which began with Wilson's entrance into public life and ended with his tragic retirement in 1920. The book is unquestionably authoritative, impartial, of solid historic value. Though there is much in it that may rile the blind Wilson worshiper, no fair minded reader can accuse the author of ever representing his lonely principal unjustly or without the fullest knowledge of that eminent man's character, genius, and achievements.

A biography of the first explorer to reach the North Pole is singularly apt at this time of aeronautic achievements in that region. Fitzhugh Green, Peary's biographer, is well prepared for his work, being himself an explorer of no mean fame. So, with the time and the writer propitious, and the subject one of the most romantic and individualistic of men, there is no doubt but that the book is worth reading. Stylistically, however, it is a hodge-podge of sentimental slush, much in the same vein as the complete title of the book, "Peary, the Man who Refused to Fail" (Putnam), and of straightforward descriptive narrative.

The contents of a valuable contribution to economic history, "The Rise of Modern Industry" by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond (Harcourt, Brace), are presented in three divisions. Part I, "Commerce before the Industrial Revolution", outlines the growth of trade and production from the days of the Roman Empire to the beginnings of the immense changes inaugurated by European unrest during the eighteenth century. Part II, "The English Industrial Revolution", deals with the effect of modern machinery and inventions during the early nineteenth century upon the older methods of manufacture, not only in England but throughout the Continent and in the New World. Part III, "The Social Consequences", is an able summary of the permanent transformations wrought in civilization by the developments recorded in the preceding chapters.

Few books will appeal to the punctilious in matters of art more genuinely than Arthur Symons's "Studies on Modern Painters", issued in delicate format by William Edwin Rudge. Here is art criticism for the most erudite and an example of Symons's characteristic handling of the essay form. Bearing the torch lighted by Ruskin, and carried later by William Morris, Walter Pater, Whistler, and George Moore, Symons writes principally of English artists, although there are frequent comparisons with the work of Manet, Goya, Fantin-Latour, Velasquez, Corot, Degas, and others. The art of Millais, Simeon Solomon, Charles Conder, Augustus John, Watts, and Gordon Craig is discussed in some of its unusual aspects, and Mr. Symons takes advantage of this opportunity to reveal his genius for original observation.

From the time of the appearance of Percy's Reliques Englishmen have had lively interest in ballads, but it is only lately that America has shown any great enthusiasm for what is truly the mainspring of poetry. This interest

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may be due to the preservation of so many folk songs by the liquid tongued Negro, who unconsciously adapted to his own needs the English and Scottish ballads composed long before slaves began to be shipped to the Colonies. These "Border Ballads", so familiar to most of us, are now available in a striking edition (Oxford). Douglas Percy Bliss made the selections, and a series of extraordinary woodcuts to go with them. For those who are interested in the many variations and musical settings of traditional Scottish ballads, the Buchan Club of Aberdeen has published an exhaustive work comprising the records made by the late Gavin Grieg, who gathered text and airs from the ballad singers of Aberdeenshire. "Last Leaves of Aberdeen Ballads and Ballad Airs" is edited and collated by Alexander Keith, and is truly a labor of love. For musicians and students of literary relics, it is an admirable sourcebook, but for the general reader the Bliss collection is more practicable.

Even scholars no longer read Voltaire in the bulk. So Richard Aldington informs us in his mildly exuberant contribution to "The Republic of Letters" series on the great minds of the world. Voltaire's mistress writes, "Voltaire has been ill for three weeks — he has written two operas." Our poor judgment falters — and so, from excess of choice in the matter of Voltaire's writing, posterity peruses none of it. If one can overlook the fact that Mr. Aldington's "Voltaire" (Dutton) needs to be better baked; that he has somewhat casually gathered his ideas into form; that he is constantly dancing up to the figure of Voltaire with placating gestures, one assuredly finds pleasure in the richness of fine comment, the little intimate pictures of a poet-philosopher's participation in the ménage of his mistress.

Evidences of independent research, an interpretative treatment of the best sources, and considerable creative talent give solid worth as well as much general interest to M. St. Clare Byrne's "Elizabethan Life in Town and Country" (Houghton Mifflin). The sections on the country cousins of the Londoners of Tudor times are of especial value in a field frequently neglected by popular writers on the period. Architecture, furniture, food, clothing, wages, pastimes, books, and the daily life of classes and masses are vividly described. The author's recreation of "an Elizabethan day" in town, what with rising at six, visiting, dining, drinking, dancing, dicing, playgoing, bear baiting, and perhaps a little distilling of aqua vitæ, usquebaugh, or something else for a rainy day, seems amply to account for the apocryphal squire who remarked that he had had a wonderful time but he didn't see how the Londoners stood it.

A readable book is Captain W. B. Whall's "The Romance of Navigation" (McBride), with good illustrations and a clear, direct narrative of the more colorful aspects of navigation from ten thousand years ago to the present. It is well written, even though the lifting of the geographic veil, with its revelation of "new lands, strange races, gold, spices, pearls and wondrous fruits", to quote the publisher's blurb, be somewhat less romantically vivid than one might hope. From an American point of view the book is open to the criticism of having been written for a purely British public. The United States, so far as navy or merchant marine is concerned, practically does not exist for the author.

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The sea songs and ballads which C. Fox Smith has gathered together under the title of "Full Sail" (Houghton Mifflin) prove that the author knows more about salt water than about poetry. Her information about ships and sailors is apparently complete, and she gives the impression of dealing with material that is thoroughly familiar; but she does not infuse her work with any of that fire and beauty which one might expect from a genuine bard of the deep. She writes fluently, and in a ringing, easy rhythm; but at her best she is merely a facile versifier, while at her worst (and her worst is not infrequent) she is no more than a writer of doggerel.

The past year, especially in Germany, has produced notable Beethoveniana. We could mention four, even five, important works; but most important *per se*, and because it is available for American readers, is Paul Bekker's "Beethoven" (Dutton), excellently translated by M. M. Bozman. The book is a joy typographically; there is an index; and appendixes cover chronologically Beethoven's life and works. Dr. Eaglefield-Hull, who edited the book, supplies a preface in which he opines that Bekker "has given us more of the true essence of Beethoven's music than any other writer". Nor, with qualification, is he altogether wrong in his stand. Bekker's book — though it in no wise takes the place, as a standard source, of the Thayer three volume Life — does complete it, æsthetically, in a most illuminating way.

In "The Genius of Bernard Shaw" (Lippincott) Patrick Braybrooke leaves his eminent subject about where he found him. Mr. Braybrooke reviews the plays in ten not very difficult chapters and adds two more by way of concluding that "succeeding peoples, as yet unborn, will acclaim that among the men of immortality which the theatre has produced, Bernard Shaw will take a high and honored place". While this study cannot truthfully be said to displace certain other analyses of G.B.S., it should serve as an informational primer for those (if they exist) who have not yet taken up Shaw in a serious way.

One should be careful about throwing away old letters. Someone may want to publish them some day. And it should be remembered that letters shed light upon the recipient as well as upon the author. So it is that much of Manning and not a little of Lamb is revealed in "The Letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb" (Harper). We are reminded that Lamb did not cherish the effusions of all of his correspondents; we are therefore the more grateful to him for the preservation of those written him by the vagabond, mathematician, Chinese scholar, and world encircler whom the world knows simply as Thomas Manning. The letters are brief records of travel, charming bits of philosophy, comments on Lamb's own works, observations about this and that. Following the thread through to the last page, the perceptive reader finds the essence of a distinguished friendship that has transcended the years, and he becomes increasingly indebted to G. A. Anderson and to P. P. Howe for their fine intelligence in editing.

"Smaranda" by Lord Thomson of Cardington (Doran) is a curious, brilliantly written volume composed of selections from the diary of an imaginary British general, seven sketches depicting Russia, the Balkans, and the

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Near East in wartime, and a long tale of Greeks and Bulgars in the turmoil of postwar hatreds. The General, a roving diplomat rather than a soldier actively engaged in the conflict, weakens the interest of his impressions and reminiscences by never, except in the concluding story of the book, departing from an exact, this-is-the-truth, eye witness manner of presenting his materials. He has a generous store of vivid memories and experiences which, it seems to us, would have been immensely more readable had he been permitted the introduction of a plot here and there to lend them a semblance of action.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money raises the traditional bogey of future Nordic and Latin decline and extinction in "The Peril of the White" (Collins); but supports his argument with such formidable and incontestable statistics of population, birth and death rates, racial proportions, growths and decreases of the world's peoples, that his essay commands serious consideration. Its value may be impaired, however, for some readers by the author's obvious prejudice against present American immigration laws, his intolerance of Soviet Russia, and his strident enthusiasm for British imperialism. It might be advisable to accept Sir Leo's authentic and exhaustive figures and tables as far more trustworthy than the text which he devotes to their discussion.

A well wrought and entertaining book is John Garber Palache's "Four Novelists of the Old Régime" (Viking). But after masticating the content for the relish of its humor, one comes off with the conviction that the author has been at excessive pains to instill the breath of life into a vast amount of dead wood. Who feels any effects, in this day, from the minds of the four old gentlemen — Crébillon, Laclos, Diderot, and Restif de la Bretonne? Still, Mr. Palache is never too severe with his dead wood, and his almost Anatolian perception makes his book a remarkably subtle achievement.

Christian Gauss, who with Alice Gauss translated Jacques Bainville's "History of France" (Appleton), informs the reader in his introduction, "M. Bainville is a conservative, a traditionalist and, as he sees it, the two forces which have made for the greatness of France are the Monarchy and the Church." The translators, moreover, indicate that they are not wholly content with the political philosophy implied in the text, and on one occasion go so far as to emphasize in a footnote the "notorious debauchery" of Monsieur, the Duke of Orléans, of regency fame, whom M. Bainville had let off with a mere suspicion. They make no effort to supply a gloss to the author's extremely meaningful observation in his final chapter, "After the experience of past centuries, one may well ask himself if the question of money will not be for some time to come at the base of all politics and if, both within and without, French policy will not depend upon it, and finally if the government will not tend to reenforce itself and break away from the rules of parliamentary democracy in order to withdraw the measures of public safety from general discussion." The great popularity of the work in France would seem to be attributable to the description of the World War from the French point of view. In the main, the author's austerely objective method must prove quite inoffensive to theorists of whatever bent, while his scholarship and matter of fact presentation make the volume suitable for the student.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

The most interesting disclosure of the past two months is the disappearance from the general list of "Mark Twain's Autobiography", after a run of reader popularity exceeded in duration only by that of "The Outline of History". It is, perhaps, of passing interest too to note that three quarters of the books on general topics which the American library borrowers are reading are the work of American authors; of interest, this, because some three or four years ago there was occasion to comment on the fact that the great majority of titles appearing in both lists were by foreigners. Now American authors preponderate in both lists; a fact which certainly is of little importance except as indicating that more Americans than Europeans are now writing the sort of thing the public wants to read. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
2.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
3.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
4.	The Blue Window	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
6.	The Hounds of Spring *	*Sylvia Thompson*	LITTLE
7.	Thunder on the Left	*Christopher Morley*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Black Flemings *	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes *	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
10.	The Keeper of the Bees	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	Pig Iron *	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
12.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE

GENERAL

1.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
2.	Intimate Papers of Colonel House	*Charles Seymour*	HOUGHTON
3.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
4.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
5.	Twenty-Five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
6.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
8.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
9.	Jefferson and Hamilton *	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON
10.	Israel *	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	LIVERIGHT
11.	Anatole France Himself	*Jean-Jacques Brousson*	LIPPINCOTT
12.	Tolerance	*Hendrik Willem Van Loon*	LIVERIGHT

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Walt Whitman in the Rue de l'Odéon—"Sous le Soleil de Satan"—Joseph Delteil's "Les Poilus"—Sainte-Beuve's Private Notebooks—German Books in Demand—Jacob Wassermann's New Novel—Italian Jottings—A Humorous Masterpiece in Czech—Finland Buys Books—American Authors in Translations—The New Henry Ford Book Abroad

AMONG the many notable contributions which America has made to the world's literature the work of Walt Whitman has received probably the most considerable recognition in Europe. This is curious; but perhaps even more than Poe has the author of "Leaves of Grass" come to be identified with the spirit and ideals of the new generation which broke into active revolt against tradition.

The bookshop in Paris which is presided over by Sylvia Beach and which has already been associated with James Joyce and the work of the younger American literati, is now holding an exhibition of bibliographical and other material connected with Walt Whitman. And so 12, rue de l'Odéon has become a sort of shrine to which come young pilgrims of many nationalities, from the neighboring schools of law, medicine, and the fine arts. Reverently they look at the various editions of Whitman's works, the early edition of the "Leaves", copies of translations in French, Spanish, Italian, and Russian, all evidence of the poet's universal appeal. Besides the books there are half a dozen pages of notes scribbled by Whitman on the backs of old letters and envelopes, proof sheets of his political speech, "The Eighteenth Presidency" (not included in any of his published prose works), photographs of the poet at various stages of his career, and of drawings by him now preserved at the Library of Congress.

The exhibition has been organized to raise additional funds for the erection of the Whitman monument in Battery Park, New York. A model of the memorial, the work of the sculptor Jo Davidson, is shown. It is cast on heroic lines. The features of the furrowed face, half lost amid the bushy beard, bear the imprint of a profound kindliness and universal understanding. Bareheaded, the poet strides along, rugged yet supple. One is conscious of the wide open spaces all about him, the breath of the wind beating against his face. His vest is half buttoned, his necktie awry. A rebel against convention, he is splendidly alive. Yet, looking at this vital figure, one pauses to wonder whether, could he by some miracle be set down in Paris today, Whitman would receive in person the same admiration and recognition from his present disciples that they now accord his memory. Also — a stray, impish thought — what he would think of them.

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The other day Georges Bernanos, with a first novel, "Sous le Soleil de Satan", renewed Byron's experience of awaking one morning to find himself famous. Within a few hours of publi-

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cation his book had become the centre of the most animated controversy that has stirred literary Paris for many years. Acclaimed as nothing short of a masterpiece by such distinguished critics as Léon Daudet and André Bellessort in "Le Journal des Débats", it was anathematized mercilessly by Paul Souday in "Le Temps". All this agitation, which has resulted in the sale of some twenty thousand copies within a fortnight, is the more surprising when one considers the theme and character of the story itself. The novel deals with the spiritual tribulations of an intensely mystical and devout country priest. As subsidiary theme, or rather as a transposition of the priest's metaphysical problems in terms of the material world, we have the story of a weak, sensual young girl, led astray by a man of superior social position, whom she murders. Although not suspected of the crime, the girl is nevertheless haunted by remorse and commits suicide. In her last moments she feels herself drawn irresistibly toward that religion whose teachings she has hitherto despised. The author is endowed with powerful literary gifts, a vision as direct and intense as that expressed on the canvases of certain Spanish painters — this is probably why his novel has secured such widespread recognition.

In order to take the story seriously the reader must admit the doctrine of the existence of a benevolent personal divinity and his antithesis. Granted these premises, "Sous le Soleil de Satan" is a singularly impressive study of religious doubt and redemption.

The success of this novel is the latest development of the Catholic revival, of the importance of which much evidence is to be found in several branches of French literature during the past months. There is, for instance, the success of the collection of plays, essays, poems, and stories published under the general title of "Le Roseau d'Or", all distinctly Catholic in tendency. Then there are the recent conversions of Jean Cocteau and Max Jacob, and the influence Jacques Maritain, champion of the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas, is having over a considerable number of younger writers.

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The Stevenson lover will remember R. L. S.'s description of how, when a small boy, he incarnated the whole universe of high romance in the paper figures that formed the company of his toy theatre. Those noble lords and ladies, villains and valets, he purchased for the moderate sum of "penny plain, twopence colored". In much the same way Joseph Delteil in "Les Poilus" cuts out and colors vividly for the benefit of posterity what he considers were the salient figures and episodes in the Great War. In his preface he declares that he proposes to write a prose epic comparable with the heroic lays of the mediæval troubadours. In a sense he succeeds. By the skilful use of striking detail and a direct, vigorous style he reminds us of "La Chanson de Roland" or Percy's "Border Ballads". Verdun becomes a modern Chevy Chase, Foch, Wilson, and Joffre assume the proportions of Lancelot, Merlin, and Charlemagne. But a profusion of epigrammatic generalities reminds us that the author of "Cholera" and "Jeanne d'Arc" cannot, for more than a few pages at a time, lay aside his own peculiar point of view and mannerisms. His chapters might be compared to verbal war posters, brilliantly effective but far from photographically accurate. However, most of us are probably at heart sufficiently akin to Stevenson to

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be entertained by puppets so long as they are attractive. Delteil's chapters on "La Madelon", "Les Marraines", the declaration of the war as seen in a little village in southern France, Paris on July 14, 1918, are likely to be remembered and read long after the ponderous disquisitions of Poincaré will have moved from the shelves of the library to the second hand boxes on the quays.

* * * *

What most critics write about their contemporaries is only a much attenuated version of what they think. In a society founded on mutual tolerance few dare castigate their neighbors and associates as ruthlessly as they would like to. Sainte-Beuve, in one of the opening paragraphs of his private notebook now published under the title "Mes Poisons", declares: "In my articles I wrap my opinions in cotton wool; only here do I strip them bare." Elsewhere he compares his reviews to sponges: "They seem soft and pleasant, squeeze them and bitter acid will run out."

"Mes Poisons" contains all the criticisms of Hugo and of Balzac, Sainte-Beuve's two particular abominations, of de Musset, Lamartine, Sand, and a host of minor celebrities, which the author of the "Lundis" did not venture to express in print during his lifetime. It is surprising, and rather disconcerting, to find how often he anticipated the judgments of posterity. In addition to these pungent comments on the literary lions of the period between 1830 and 1865, Sainte-Beuve also recorded in his notebook a certain number of intimate "confessions", largely sentimental in vein. This revealing portrait of a critic by himself is perhaps not wholly admirable but it is human, sincere, and remarkable.

In the form of amiable comments on the collecting of antique furniture, paintings, china, and so on, Charles Oulmont's book "Les Lunettes de l'Amateur d'Objets d'Art" is likely to prove of service to a large number of people. Carefully avoiding a dogmatic attitude, the author describes wittily, but with sufficient technical detail, some of the pitfalls that beset the path of the amateur collector endowed with more enthusiasm than knowledge. His accounts of the manufacture of the different kinds of "antiques" and the methods by which frauds may be detected will no doubt prevent much disillusionment. At the same time Oulmont's keen appreciation of really fine specimens of antique art should prove contagious, and his book is likely to stimulate those who become inoculated with the microbe of collecting.

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The historical novel is evidently in favor with German readers at the present time. "Two Worlds" by Egmont Colerus (Szolnay, Berlin) is in great demand, I hear. "Talks with Heine" by H. H. Houben (Rutter und Loening, Frankfurt) is a collection of memoirs which is also proving popular. Other notable German books are the story of Goethe's last romance, "Ulrike", by Toni Schwabe (Langen, Munich); a little book by Walter Mehring with the formidable title of "Neubestelltes Abenteuerliches Tierhaus", which gives an account of the chief fabulous and mythological animals, with excellent woodcuts; and "Reise in Polen" by Alfred Döblin, the well known novelist. This last is an exceedingly interesting and ably written travel book — an illuminating picture of present day Poland produced at an opportune time.

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An interesting German novel is Jacob Wassermann's "Laudin und die Seinen" (Fischer, Berlin). Herr Wassermann's novels of German life, notably his "Goose-man", are already known to American readers. This is the story of Friedrich Laudin, a successful divorce barrister, and his own matrimonial problems. It is a penetrating study of marriage as an institution. Laudin's drifting away from and final desertion of "his own" in favor of Lulu, the actress who fascinates him, his entry into doubtful society and his gradual moral downfall, make a vivid, if disconcerting, story. In the end his wife Pia gives him his freedom; and thus liberated from the obligations of the marriage tie, Laudin comes back to "his own". There is nothing strikingly original in the story, but it focuses realistically on the acute problem of modern married life. So far as one can determine, there is no moral purpose behind it, and as fiction it will probably be widely read.

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A study of Savonarola has been written by Signor Piero Misciatelli, the well known student of Italian mysticism, and is published in Milan. It is a popular outline and interpretation of the career and ideals of the mediæval religious and political reformer and the onetime dictator of Florence.

D'Annunzio is the subject of a critical study by Francesco Flora, a pupil of Croce, which Ricciardi has published in Naples.

A book which has caused considerable discussion in the Italian Fascist press is "Italia Barbara" by Curzio Malaparte Suckert (Gobetti, Turin). The author is one of the leaders of the young intellectuals, and an ardent Fascist. He diagnoses some of the present weaknesses of Italy as a result of the effort to assimilate too much of the spirit of modern Europe, which, he contends, is foreign to Italian ideals. The nature of Italy is incurably ancient, declares Signore Suckert, and the young Italian generation cannot sever itself from the glories of the past.

Benedetto Croce has translated the famous "Pentamerone" into modern Italian. The two volumes, which have a preface by the translator, are published by Laterza at Bari.

Giovanni Papini's new book of poems, symbolically entitled "Pane e Vino", has been published by Vallechi in Florence.

Mussolini's recent oratorical references to the Italian navy add special interest to the publication of Signore Guido Milanesi's "L'Ancoro d'Oro", in which he describes incidents of the naval war in the Adriatic, among them D'Annunzio's exploits. The Italian navy, according to Signore Milanesi, has not received in the past that measure of public appreciation to which its achievements entitle it, but this stirring record of successful raids and personal heroism will surely stimulate the admiration of the most indolent Italian landlubber.

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A book which has been very popular in Czechoslovakia is Jaroslav Hašek's "Svejk the Good Soldier". In its way it is a masterpiece of Czech humor. Svejk is a kind of Czech Sam Weller, and this picaresque account of his experiences, mostly during wartime, invites comparison with the novels of Dickens. Hašek, who died a few years ago, has been compared by certain critics with both Dickens and Cervantes. He served in the Austrian army during the war but his sympathies were not with the Austrian cause, and he succeeded in deserting by the

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simple expedient of throwing a rope over a cow's head and leading it calmly over the frontier. "Svejk the Good Soldier" has just been translated into German.

Final arrangements for the German edition of the Life of King Edward the Seventh were completed shortly after Sir Sidney Lee's death. A one volume edition of the book (according to present arrangements) will be published by Ullstein of Berlin at the same time as the appearance in England of the eagerly awaited second volume.

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I have the authority of Holger Schildt, Finland's biggest publisher, for stating that more people actually buy books in proportion to population in Finland (three millions is the total) than in any other country of the world. Finland's claim to priority as a book loving country is emphasized by Holger Schildt's many literary purchases on his recent visit to England. While in London he bought the Swedish rights of "The Perennial Bachelor" by Anne Parrish; "Thunder on the Left" by Christopher Morley; "Dark Laughter" by Sherwood Anderson; "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" by John Erskine; the Swedish and Finnish rights of "So Big" by Edna Ferber; and the Finnish rights of "Wild Geese" by Martha Ostenso; "Christina Alberta's Father" by H. G. Wells; and "The Constant Nymph" by Margaret Kennedy.

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"Thunder on the Left" is being translated into Dutch and Danish-Norwegian; Fannie Hurst's "Appassionata" is also to appear in Dutch; E. Barrington's "Glorious Apollo" has been sold for translation into French; and — a curious item — John Galsworthy's play "Loyalties" has been published serially in the "Revue de Paris".

The May issue of the Swedish "Novell Magasin" (Bonniers) has a cosmopolitan flavor. It contains contributions by Thomas Mann, Mary Roberts Rinehart, G. B. Stern, Arnold Bennett, Stacy Aumonier, Norman Venner, Fannie Hurst, and Otto Rung.

* * * *

The new Henry Ford book — "Today and Tomorrow" — which is due for publication in America early in June, has been sold at record prices before publication for translation into German, French, and Dutch. Other foreign rights are already being negotiated for. The universal appeal of Henry Ford is clearly demonstrated by the following additional list of languages into which his earlier book "My Life and Work" was translated: Finnish, Czech, Polish, Russian, Hungarian, Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

TO THE EDITOR:

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson in your March number reviewed my book thus: "Scudder Klyce has a persecution complex. As he says in the introduction to his 'Sins of Science': 'At present, scientists usually in effect hold that I am a damned philosopher; philosophers, that I am a damned scientist; and what theologians consider me to be is apparently unspeakable.' This book will confirm all three classes in their present opinion of him."

Slosson thus agrees enthusiastically that I made a quite accurate, correct, and sane statement of scholars' opinion of me. It hence follows that I haven't the persecution complex or delusion he said he would prove. His mind, if any, must have slipped a few cogs. For he actually agrees that I have the rare and joyous gift of seeing myself as others see me.

But Slosson doesn't even hint to the reader that the book objected to him by name, because in spite of my protest two years ago he permitted propagation of the scientific dogma of exact electrons. (Science's belief in exact electrons is the base of materialism and scientific irreligion.)

In the same article in which he reviewed my book, Slosson says that Whitehead's new book is the foremost scientific contribution to current thought. I haven't read Whitehead's book; but on page 324 of the April "International Journal of Ethics" it is indicated by a competent logician that Whitehead shows, as I do, that there are no such things as exact electrons. Since he approves Whitehead, it follows that Slosson has no defense against my book's criticism of his own scientific sins.

Possibly that is why he becomes so emotionally fervent about my book that his mind slips a few cogs — making one more sin.

S. KLYCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Why should it mean anything? I am referring to Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left", and to the editorial comment upon it in the March Bookman.

It was my good fortune to read this book in advance of the publication date, so that I was not hampered or helped by the comments of others. But immediately thereafter, as readers discovered it, there arose such a babble as sounded to heaven, and through it all ran one reiterated theme — What does it mean? Some would have it that the book is a satire; others find an allegory; one, strange soul, says it is irreligious! All, friends or foes, seem puzzled by it. I began to investigate my own impressions: I had found none of these things. Was I extraordinarily dull and uncritical, had I missed all this in my own reading? Stung by such thoughts, I undertook the dangerous experiment of re-reading this poignant bit of beauty, carved out of the universe and put between covers for us poor folk who cannot always do our own carving.

That re-reading is just completed. What can I say to those friends of mine who would ask my explanation? Nothing. That is exactly the difficulty: nothing can be said. There is no argument — it is just one of those things which must be understood tacitly or not at all. In unconscious plagiarism of your own comment which I afterward discovered, I said to myself, if they don't know what it means they may as well not read it; for no one else can help them. What can we say that would in any way add to it?

But isn't that the glory of the book? It means just those things that cannot possibly be expressed in cumbersome words and symbols. We find Phyllis admitting "a forlorn desire to feel real for a few minutes, to say things she believed". It is at such moments that we realize the terrible penalty of adulthood: that we can never be real, we cannot say things we believe. But Morley has not grown up. The outstanding quality of this book is its realness. He believes what he says; he is true, he is real. And in the face of reality nothing can possibly be said. The book speaks in terms of life itself. Morley is George — poor, damned fool, George the Fourth, who for at least one moment sees life whole. They both know the tremendous significance of unimportant things; they know that "life is all one piece, of endless pattern. No stitch in the fast fabric can be unravelled without risking the whole tapestry. It is the garment woven without seams."

Sincerely yours,

EUSTACE W. TOMLINSON.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

SOMEONE has put a bunch of lilacs on my desk. I fear they look a trifle foolish there, and the scent has made it quite impossible for me to write an intelligent word all day. This evening I look at the typewriter and say, "I will write, I will write, I will write", but spring takes hold inevitably on the will and the fingers, and the sound of the typewriter does not seem a happy one. Last night a discussion arose as to whether or not people really enjoyed writing. Carl Van Vechten said he hated it, and that if it weren't necessary, he never would write a word. Elinor Wylie, who had just that moment finished her new novel, and Aldous Huxley allowed as how they loved writing and couldn't understand those who didn't. There is nothing more maddening, I think, than writing for a copy date when you do not feel like it, when spring is in the air or your hat is in the arena, or something like that. Or after having heard Raquel Meller. How can one do anything sensible for days after hearing Raquel Meller? Violets, violets everywhere, and not a one would she throw me! It seems to me I have never known such immediate magnetism as that which radiates from the great *diseuse* the moment she walks slowly on the stage. What a feat! To hold a large audience in the Empire Theatre from nine o'clock until near eleven, singing songs in a thoroughly undistinguished voice. And the audience cheers! That is personality, and I know of no more stimulating experience than watching a truly inspired actress gain her effects. Meller is coy, winsome, proud, common, flashing, pathetic — all the moods switching on and off. It seemed to me that in only one song through the entire evening did she fail — and I afterward decided that it was my fault, since I was exceedingly tired after a long day of talking with ambitious authors. Another fresh and unusual evening in theatrical circles is afforded by the Actors' Theatre production of Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest". This brittle comedy is finely and engagingly presented. Reginald Owen and Dudley Digges are magnificent. So is Vernon Steele. If you like smart, unreal, nineteenth century comedy, if you care for good acting, here is your play and your cast.

Lynn and Lois Montross were in town for a brief period. They are hard at work in their home at Woodstock, Vermont. They have just completed a serial for "College Humor", the title of which is undecided. "Fraternity Row", their new series of college stories grouped about the lounge lizard Andy, will be published in the late summer. Here is a collaboration which seems to work smoothly. The Montrosses have a studio near their house in Vermont, where they go to write. They seem to be able to pick up a story, mutually, and to carry it on with consistency. Sometimes Lois takes one character, and writes the scenes in which that character plays the most important part; sometimes Lynn does the same; but there is no definite rule in their collaboration. This must be a perfect adjustment of marital and literary relations. I have been thinking of some amusing collaborations. Wouldn't Theodore Dreiser and Zane

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Grey get along beautifully? How about Elinor Wylie and Gertrude Atherton? Or yet again H. L. Mencken and Henry van Dyke, writing a history of American Letters? Lynn says that he has been building cement walks in his off moments. Lois says they are bumpy walks; but Lynn likes them. That was the one note of disagreement which I remarked in this happy household. I met Arthur Krock of the New York "World" for the first time the other day. He is a determined, quiet, intelligent gentleman, and a great force in the newspaper world. At the same tea was Alice Williamson, recently returned from the East, with tales of sheiks and other phenomena. Not so long ago Keith Preston visited town. He has taken the literary editorship of the Chicago "Daily News", in addition to his other duties as columnist. Already Harry Hansen, whom he succeeded, has begun to make his mark on the "World", and the Sunday Book Section has never before been so impressive. Harry says he likes New York City. He spent one evening with the Marx brothers, and the next night, after much intellectual conversation, found himself without a dancing partner at Barney Gallant's. He looked decidedly pensive; but perhaps he was only sleepy. This New York literary life is demanding. Isabel Paterson, along with the success of "The Fourth Queen", has acquired a new hat, one of those famous and — if you will forgive me, Mrs. Paterson — odd hats. It seems to be the fashion to design your own hats these days. Fania Marinoff, next whom I sat at dinner the other night, and who is charming (she says it is because I talked a blue streak and she listened — but I think it's her intelligence and her eyes) tells me that her friends are demanding hat designs from her. One should not have an avocation! Her husband, at least, selects his own. At any rate, I imagine so. Hers was a lovely silver affair. Heywood Broun is more genial than ever. We settled our intellectual difference in a sentence and immediately became the best of friends again. Heywood is enthusiastically and violently engaged in a life of Anthony Comstock, in collaboration I believe with Peggy Leach. We found ourselves at four in the morning eating corned beef hash in Childs' and discussing the universe. I have always believed that Heywood was one of the geniuses of our day, and I still do. His "Gandle Follows His Nose" is unforgetable, and I shall not cease to recommend it heartily to all BOOKMAN readers who like the fantastic. I vastly prefer it to Cabell's "The Silver Stallion". I was interested to find that James Harvey Robinson is an enthusiastic Cabell reader; in fact, the great historian is amazingly well read in current fiction. He says that he probably enjoys Cabell better than most people, because he loves to trace his origins and find the delightful inaccuracies — which are, of course, delicately calculated — and the fantastic exaggerations of old material. Here was Christopher Morley, too, about to start for Europe, and F.P.A. with his beautiful wife, and Floyd Dell, surprised at the great success of his "Love in Greenwich Village", and Allan Nevins of the "World" and Henry Hazlitt of the "Sun", looking exactly alike, as do Joseph Wood Krutch of "The Nation" and Bruce Gould of the "Post". It has been an entertaining month. Today, before preparing to pack my bag and set forth on a new adventure, I look back at the past years, in which friends have been many and drama always around the corner; and I am sentimental, even more than usual, and grateful to a New York

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literary world which may at times seem petty and ridiculous, which has its foibles and its foolishness, but is in the main kind. After all, Marc Connelly makes the world worthwhile, for he is always amusing. And there are theatrical producers as gay as Crosby Gaige and as picturesque as William A. Brady and Morris Gest. Why, on this beautiful spring day, I can even forgive Alexander Woollcott, and acknowledge him as the best dramatic critic in New York, with Atkinson and Gabriel running him close seconds.

You never can tell what will happen to you when you are an author and write for THE BOOKMAN, as is proved by a note from Ellis Parker Butler who styles himself "The Bristle King":

The publication of my "My Greek Novel" in the April BOOKMAN brought a request from a well known publishing house that I write a burlesque Greek novel for them to publish. My other plans interfered.

BUT—

John H. Moore, the sales manager of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, having read the article, wrote me that in my article I said that in the famous battle between Halitosis and Pro-phy-lac-tic, Pro-phy-lac-tic was defeated. "As a matter of fact," he wrote, "it was Halitosis who bit the dust."

And to prove it he had sent me eighteen Pro-phy-lac-tic toothbrushes, assorted sizes, various colors of handles, medium and hard bristles!

Authors' perquisites!

Aldous Huxley's arrival was quiet, as he is — quiet and unassuming. He had come from his trip around the world, via San Francisco, the Grand Canyon, and Chicago. Huxley is young, tall, somewhat shy, and intensely enthusiastic. He likes people and they amuse him — gently. None of his ironical attitude creeps into his conversation. Only in New York City for a short time, he saw numberless people and varying sights. He attended our theatres, saw our museums, visited Wall Street, and dined with the literati. It is refreshing that this writer of smart novels, of mordant

Aldous Huxley

sketches, is, as I had suspected from long range, quite free from any of the affectations which are dangerously apparent in our own writers of a somewhat like manner. I do not mean that Huxley is not a good talker. He is. He can converse on a variety of subjects, his interests seem worldwide; but he is first and foremost a friendly person, a person without poses. I presume he disappointed the intelligentsia. I hope so, if they expected to find him a combination of Alexander Woollcott and Noel Coward. Mr. Huxley returns home to work on a novel. His "Two or Three Graces" has just been published, and his travel essays appearing in this magazine will reach the public in book form in the autumn.

The death of J. M. Dent, on May ninth, recalls his great services to the publishing world. After apprenticeship to the great printers, Waterlow and Son, he started a bookbinding business

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and in 1888 launched his first publishing venture, "The Temple Series". The first two volumes were Lamb's "Essays of Elia" and "Last Essays". Later, under the editorship of George Saintsbury, he published the translation of Balzac's entire Comédie Humaine. There followed "Everyman's Library", known to every student and reader in the English speaking world. His ambition was to see the completion of one thousand volumes of the world's best literature. Of these 780 have now been printed, and plans for many of the volumes to come have had his careful consideration. A later ambitious project of Mr. Dent's was the "Kings' Treasuries of Literature". His son Hugh Railton Dent has been aiding in this work and will carry on the tradition.

A recent letter has brought THE BOOKMAN to task for neglecting the motion picture, but since it has, in the past, had little to do with literature, we have felt justified in snubbing it as an art. The plans of Famous Players, however, are definitely linked up with recent best sellers, which makes the future look brighter. About two thousand men are now in the Arizona desert making the war scenes for "Beau Geste", Sir Percival Wren's successful mystery romance. Werner's "Barnum" is to be filmed; several Michael Arlen stories; two excellent Broadway successes — "R. U. R." and "The Show-Off"; and, most important of all, Dreiser's "An American Tragedy", which was sold to Mr. Lasky with the understanding that the book would be filmed exactly as it is written. "There will be no happy ending to this picture and it is our plan to make it as starkly realistic as Dreiser's story of the downfall of the boy who is the central character", says Mr. Lasky. That augurs well for the movies, in spite of Mr. Griffith's promise that the Dreiser picture will be one of the greatest moral lessons ever seen in a theatre. Allan Dwan, one of the Famous Players directors, has done some beautiful work with Mr. Fairbanks in the past, and I remember that his "Soldiers of Fortune", from the Richard Harding Davis novel, was one of the few artistically filmed pictures before the war. Mr. Griffith did an unforgetable thing with "Broken Blossoms", the picturization of Thomas Burke's "The Chink and the Child", in which Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish acted as they have not done since to my knowledge. Thomas Burke's misty slums with their pitiable characters and wistful adolescents furnish good material, it seems to me, for a director who would do the artistic thing. Norman Bel Geddes has been engaged for a new Paramount production. His backgrounds should prove unusual on the screen. Which reminds me of a *mot* of Noel Coward's. When asked in what period his New York apartment was furnished, Mr. Coward said he thought it was early Metro-Goldwyn. Konrad Bercovici has returned to America and left again for Paris, because he found everyone here in bad health with influenza, nerves, and lassitude. He was present at the première of his first picture, "The Volga Boatman". This will probably be a popular picture, although the critics pronounce it very uneven. The honors for acting went to Kosloff, the dancer, who took the part of an old blacksmith. I should think that the pantomime necessary to good dancing would be an asset for a cinema actor. Certainly for grace no one can equal either Lois Moran, who has danced in the Paris Opera Ballet, or Greta Nissen, so like thistledown in "A Kiss in Xanadu" in "Beggar on Horseback".

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I hear that Mr. DeMille is using Paul Robeson in a picture. Perhaps, at last, he can make an impression on the critics. After seeing "Moana", it occurs to me that a dramatization of the cotton fields of the south and the American Negro might be a very fine step.

The following is printed because I believe there are many people who will want to take advantage of this list and who do not know of its existence:

Each year the American Library Association selects and publishes a list of about 200 outstanding books of the preceding year. The compilation for 1925 has just appeared under the title "Booklist Books 1925" (45c).

The selections are made by votes from nearly a hundred libraries of many types and sizes. The books chosen make up a well balanced list for the average library and for the general reader. Books for children and for adults are grouped separately and there is a separate list of fiction. A selection of popular technical books made by a specialist is also included.

Requests for the booklet should be addressed to the Association's headquarters, 86 East Randolph Street, Chicago.

The other day I perused an anonymous novel from the ancient Chinese. Its date is set by experts as the fourteenth century. Of its many titles, the present translator, H. Bedford-Jones, has chosen "The Breeze in the Moonlight", an expression signifying "A History of Love". Never before has an author compressed into one book such grace and wit, such wealth of incident and intrigue. It is the tale of a perfect hero, one Pure Jade, and a perfect heroine, Icy Heart. This latter is indeed an ideal woman, full of cleverness, courage, and becoming chastity. When the narrative reaches heights of emotion too great to bear, the author launches into lyrical verse. Each chapter is headed by an appropriate aphorism and, lest the reader's interest flag (though this seems hardly possible), there is a tag at the chapter's end which incites him to further perusal of the story. The illustrations have come down with the story and show the same vigor and attention to detail as the text. Truly, this is a model of literary correctness. It makes our groping occidental novels of today look like the faltering efforts of a child.

From "The Breeze in the Moonlight"

Whether you regard the little theatre as a means of uplift for the stage, or as a menace, the fact remains that that institution is gaily flourishing throughout the country. The Fireside Players of White Plains, New York, recently gave a successful performance of "Iolanthe", at which Winthrop Ames and Winifred Lenihan, then busily engaged with preparations for the Broadway production of this classic, were inter-

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ested spectators. It is even rumored that they bore off some valuable suggestions. The Cellar Players, of the Hudson Guild Settlement of New York, gave a lifelike presentation of Lennox Robinson's "The Whiteheaded Boy". And Butler Davenport's Bramhall Players brought sincerity and skill to the production of their director's dramatized sermon on family life, "Difference in Gods". There have been numerous other interesting experiments round and about, but these are mentioned as having come under the eyes of Gossip Shop scouts. The culmination of little theatre activities takes the form each year of tournaments, local and national. To the Fourth Annual National Little Theatre Tournament, conceived and managed by the indefatigable Walter Hartwig, came representatives from distant parts of the country, and two groups from England. For the third year in succession the prize was borne off by the Little Theatre of Dallas, Texas, this time for "El Cristo", a play of the Mexican secret order Los Penitentes, written by Margaret Larkin. Other prize winners were the aforementioned Cellar Players, whose grim prison play, "Release" by Edward C. Smith, had previously won for them the New York Inter-Settlement contest; the Huddersfield Thespians of England, representing the British Drama League, with the Shavian "St. Simeon Stylites" by F. Sladen-Smith; and the Shreveport Little Theatre of Louisiana, who presented Ada Jack Carver's "The Cajun", a sketch of the lower class French of south Louisiana. Altogether, a varied and interesting assortment.

More and more the question of adult education is coming to public attention. Such enterprises as "The To-day and To-Morrow Series", as "The Humanizing of Knowledge Series", are being published. The Carnegie Corporation has recently made generous gifts in support of various propositions for spreading knowledge among adults. The American Library Association has been carrying on research and making excellent bibliographies for use in this connection. The Worker's Bookshelf has done excellent work under Spencer Miller. The Book of the Month Club is another step in the right direction. Recently Dr. Albert Mansbridge, chairman of the World Association for Adult Education, has been visiting this country, lecturing in California, preaching at St. John the Divine's in New York City. He is a tall, impressive, kindly Englishman who has the interests of the world at heart. The association he represents is making an appeal for funds, and it is a noble and worthy cause. I do not often make an appeal, but I should like to urge BOOKMAN readers to contribute to this cause. Dr. Masaryk, President of the Czechoslovak Republic, is the president of the Association, and R. W. Chapin is the treasurer. Donations, however small, may be paid any time from 1926 to 1930. They should be sent to the offices of the World Association for Adult Education, 13 John Street, Adelphi, London W. C. 2. The eagerness with which those who in their youth did not have proper training are turning to various sources to enrich their background is amazing. Nor is it only those whose educational background is small. Many whose training is along specific lines turn in later years to a rounding of their knowledge. They would keep abreast with these changing times, when science moves with exceeding rapidity, when sociology needs constant watching, when philosophy, religion, matters of health,

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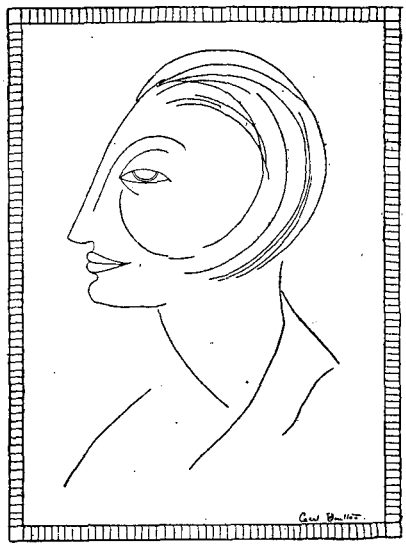
and literature must be eagerly followed by the man or woman who would know where the world is going. I should like to take a year off and spend it in one of the great libraries. I should like, if possible, to have my reading directed, but if that is not possible there are now many books to act as guides to such a self imposed course.

Genevieve Taggard and Robert Wolf live off in the country somewhere and every now and then plunge into the mad stream of town bearing manuscripts or new books as gifts to its hurried populace. Miss Taggard's new book, "Words for the Chisel", comes as a surprise to me, because I never realize as she sits radiantly in my office of a sunny morning that she writes with such stark power, such devastating beauty. She has a thoroughly feminine mind, but her feminine psychology is expressed with a masculine intensity. The combination is now startlingly beautiful, now actually terrifying. The Blindman Prize, of $250, the largest annual award for a single poem, offered through the Poetry Society of South Carolina, in commemoration of Hervey Allen's war poem, "The Blindman", has this year been given for the first time to an Englishwoman, Ruth Manning-Sanders. The judge was Jay B. Hubbell, editor of "The Southwest Review", and the winning poem, "The City", is a narrative of considerable length. Honorable mention was bestowed on the poems submitted by Grace Hazard Conkling, Karle Wilson Baker, Isabel Fiske Conant, and Margery Swett. Mr. Allen, by the way, has very nearly completed his "Israfel; The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe", and will sail for Bermuda or the Bahamas or some other of those new suburbs of New York City upon the accomplishment of this task which has occupied him for several years. Prizes flower and increase. Arthur McKeogh, who



Genevieve Taggard

has issued his first number of the new "McClure's" for the International Magazine Company, announces a prize for a modern romantic novel. It is a generous one, $25,000, and is offered jointly by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, Cosmopolitan Productions, Inc., and "McClures". That magazine, by the way, turns out to be, under McKeogh's enthusiastic editorship, a frisky flapper sister of "The Cosmopolitan". It is sure to find a wide public. The Pulitzer awards caused an avalanche of comment one way and another. America seems to have gone prize crazy at the moment. It was most gratifying to some of us to see that Amy Lowell's "What's O'Clock" received its just due. It is a pity, of course, that one of her other notable books should not have received the award, while she was living to greet it. However, her friends are proud and happy.

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Denver, according to the attached letter, would sing with neighborly muses:

DEAR SIR:

We have in Denver a group of poetry lovers who have been meeting monthly for several years. The member who made the initial gesture had not in mind so formal and entertaining an organization as has really eventuated. She yearned for a small fireside coterie to read aloud and discuss books then new: "New Voices", "The New Era", "Tendencies in Modern Poetry", Harriet Monroe's "Anthology", "Convention and Revolt", etc.

The Poetry Society, or Poetry Circle — both names have been used — has listened to programs of variety and merit in the artistic environment of a well known music studio. It has, of course, also worked for the cause of Colorado poetry generally, and to help its own members in particular.

Among the speakers heard have been Richard Shipp, poet laureate of Wyoming; Nellie Burget Miller, poet laureate of Colorado; Professor Knapp, of the State University; Professor Luebke of Denver University; also Lilian White Spencer and Thomas Hornsby Ferril, two of Colorado's nationally known poets.

It is the idea of the founder that correspondence with similar groups in other states would be broadening and interesting. Since THE BOOKMAN has, from time to time, printed brief accounts of such societies, this invitation appears in its columns, by courtesy of the editor.

In the love of poetry,

HELOISE M. B. HAWKINS,
1st V. P.

"I went down to Rome for a week", Irwin Edman writes me, "and had a marvelous time with Santayana. I cannot tell you how increasingly much he impresses me. He gives the impression of being an unmistakable seer. His conversation is utterly unaffected, and yet what superb flights of metaphysics, what dreaming poetry, what subtle, tender, precise memories of persons and places! He is beginning to look back on life rather than at it, and he lives very much alone and mostly in the company of his highly peopled imagination.

"He is writing slowly a novel, in the intervals of writing his big opus in metaphysics. His novel is to be called 'The Last Puritan', and is about a young New Englander who 'decides on Puritan principles not to be a Puritan'. He described it to me in great detail; I have never met an author whose characters seem to have become so completely a part of his waking life. He says he knows just what Oliver, his hero, looks like. He has even drawn a picture of him. He remarked that his novel may be his best work in philosophy, his most humane. I think so, too, from what he told me of it. There is about the man a profound, almost happy disillusion that is perturbingly beautiful. He remains more than ever my beau ideal in philosophy and literature. He seemed very pleased, by the way, that I don't write 'like a professor of philosophy'."

Word comes from Agnes Ware Bishop concerning Ada Jack Carver, whose play "The Cajun" won a prize in the National Little Theatre Tournament in New York.

In so called private life Ada Jack Carver is Mrs. J. B. Snell of Minden, Louisiana, and the daughter of the late Judge Hampton Carver of Shreveport and Nachitoches. She attended Judson College, one of the oldest colleges for girls in the south, about thirty miles from Selma, Alabama.

Ada Jack Carver was born and reared in the cultured home atmosphere of upper Louisiana, to which most of the old families came from Virginia. The young Carvers were allowed by their parents to grow up "as the wind wills", each to express her own individuality in her own way. Ada Jack was fortunate also in the selection of her college. Here too she followed her own sweet way — though not a brilliant way except in English. Like other geniuses, she didn't care for the deadening routine of school life, but went through the college year beloved by all, and charming both teachers and students with her winsome personality.

Her stories came later — from an attempt to readjust her life after a tragedy which for several years came near taking all the joy out of existence.

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